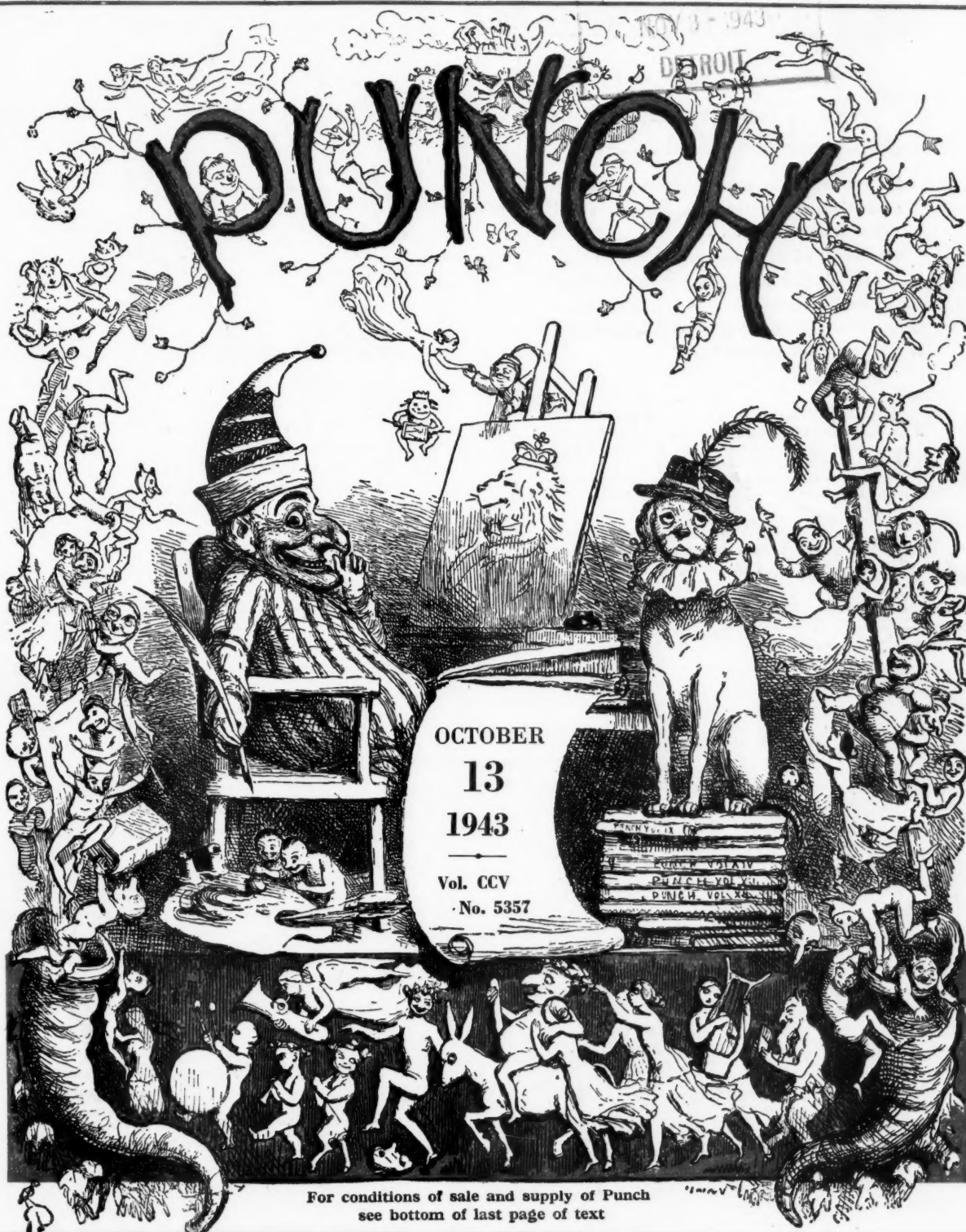


★ Remember **CADBURY** means quality



ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE LTD.
CORPORATION
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/- per annum (Canada, 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1d. Canada, 1d. Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.

INDUSTRY & PEACE

"Industry is helping to win the war . . . industry must help build a peacetime world . . .

There must be the same cohesion among the United Nations during the transition period and thereafter as now exists . . .

The people of this country, in common with the people of other lands, will prosper materially and spiritually when this war is ended, but only if plans world-wide in scope are formulated promptly for A JUST AND DURABLE PEACE."

★ ★ ★

The above is an extract from a statement issued by the International Nickel Company of Canada, which is widely published in Canada and the U.S.A. We believe that all engaged in industry in Britain will approve its principles, and desire to collaborate with all the United Nations in formulating plans for "a just and durable peace."

Published by
THE MOND NICKEL COMPANY LTD
Grosvenor House Park Lane London W1



I am the Tank...

I am the land-monster of modern War. My claws are tracks that grip the earth. My teeth are guns that tear into the enemy. My heart is an engine that speeds me and my dauntless crew along the road to Victory.

Skilled hands in the Motor Industry made me; and what more fitting hands for this great task! The Motor Industry of Great Britain has legions of determined men and women whose devotion to the cause of Freedom is only equalled by their skill.

Production for Victory

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY OF GREAT BRITAIN

The 'Z' type Coventry Climax engine,
one of the range of commercial engines
developed by

COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LIMITED, COVENTRY

Don't mind me, I'm only the Manager!

Well, Sir, we're very sorry but we can't supply Pel furniture unless . . .

★ — ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ — ★ ★ ★ — ★ ★ ★

Er . . . unless you have a special priority permit . . .

★ ★ ★ — ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ — ?

We realise how inconvenient your situation must be and . . .

— ★ ★ — ★ ★ ★ ★ — ★ ★ ★ — ★ ★

. . . and promise to let you know when further supplies are available —

Oh! Go to Pel!!!

We are glad to say that the character introduced above is entirely fictitious. All the Managers we have contacted are fully appreciative of the unavoidable difficulties of the times. PEL LIMITED • OLDBURY • BIRMINGHAM



and it is *still* the best

SUEDE SHOES are far too precious to-day to risk using any but the best cleaner on them. And why should you? Meltonian Suede Cleaner is in good supply at shoe shops everywhere—and available in seven serviceable colours.

Keep your suede shoes young-looking—soft, fresh and free from shine—by treating them regularly to Meltonian Suede Cleaner.

**MELTONIAN
SUEDE CLEANER**
in 4 oz. bottles — 1/-

To lengthen the life of shoes of polished leather use Meltonian Cream, but use it sparingly as in the national interest supplies are restricted.



"Dear Hitler boasts," Matilda said,
"Of his Atlantic Wall!
Wear anti-button vests, my boys,
And help to speed its fall!"

The million million buttons saved.
Frees shipping by the ton,
And gives our men more ships to go
And get The Big Job done!"

Wolsey



Fortitude

We have learned to accept with cheery resignation and fortitude the scarcity of many good things taken for granted in pre-war days. *Fortts Bath Oliver Biscuits*, for instance. Austerity days are here indeed when, occasionally these favourites of two hundred years' standing are absent from the menu! Prior demands from the Services have affected for the time being distribution to the public. But when the world returns to peace these delightful biscuits will again be in plentiful supply.

Fortts
BATH OLIVER
BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.



**TOTAL
WAR EFFORT**
demands the
withdrawal of

**'Golden
Shred'**



*The World's
Best
Marmalade*

**It will return with
VICTORY**

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS
(P.M.), LTD.
Golden Shred Works,
London, Paisley, Manchester,
Bristol



25 years

before Sir Robert Peel's Police Force made its first appearance in the streets of London, the famous firm of Seager Evans was founded. Today, with 138 years of fine distilling to their credit they still produce the unrivalled

**SEAGERS
GIN**

25/3
Full size
bottle

ESTD



13/3
Half
bottle

1805

LOOK! our
canteen complete
with **ESSE
COOKERS**



The ESSE Major Heat Storage Cooker is continuous burning and shows amazing Fuel Economy. The roomy fume-free ovens, large fast boiling area and cleanliness in operation will satisfy the needs of the most exacting of staff.

THE ESSE COOKER CO.

Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Established 1854

Head Office & Works: **BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND**

London Showrooms: 63 CONDUIT ST., W.1 - 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4

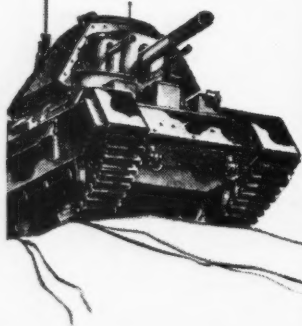
Also at LIVERPOOL • EDINBURGH • GLASGOW

Remember

EKKO

for Radio

and Lamps

BRITISH and
proud of itPATON'S
SHOE AND BOOT
LACESSTAND THE TEST FOR ENDURANCE
FROM YOUR RETAILER3^d. to 6^d. PER PAIR

WM. PATON LTD • JOHNSTONE • SCOTLAND

Don't neglect your hair!

With so much less Brylcreem to use these days the care of your hair is all the more important. Guard against a tight scalp — so frequently the cause of scurf, falling hair and baldness. Every night and morning finger-tip massage your scalp for half-a-minute to keep it loose on your skull. A massage twice daily, together with a *very* few drops of Brylcreem every few days, will help to keep your hair healthy and good looking.

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19 Stratford Place, London, W.1

royds 791

You must save fuel NOW!



BY APPOINTMENT
ENGINEERS TO
H. M. KING GEORGE VI.

CRITTALL Canteen Equipment provides everything for the quick and efficient running of a works canteen. Economy of fuel for cooking and heating and reliability in Air-conditioning and A.R.P. equipment are outstanding features of Crittall products.

Built by Engineers, recommended by experts, and used all over the world.

RICHARD CRITTALL

ALDWYCH HOUSE • LONDON, W.C.2 AND COMPANY LIMITED

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 7777.

BIRMINGHAM: Prudential Buildings, St. Philip's Place. Central 2413
LIVERPOOL: Martin's Bank Building, Water Street. Central 5332

VENT-AXIA

for
better
air
conditions



VENT-AXIA LTD
8, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.W.1
AND 27, GLASGOW & BATHCHURCH

The popular British Cigar with
the mild Havana
flavour.

CARASADA INTERMEZZOS

Elegant shape
5 1/2 inches long,
as illustrated.

Box of
25 for 27/6

(4 other sizes available)

GREEN'S LTD.,
Cigar Importers,
37 & 38, Royal Exchange,
Cornhill, London, E.C.3

Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
(Dept. L.)

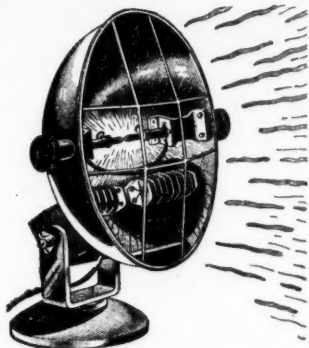
64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

The
"Antiquary"

Finest
Scotch Whisky

OF RARE:
DISTINCTION
WITH THE:
RIGHT AGE:
COMMANDING
RESPECT:

Proprietors
J. & W. HARDIE
SCOTLAND



**What has
a Sun bath
to do
with paint?**

Paradoxically enough, a cracking good paint will not crack, and nor must its colour fade. To make sure that their paints do not crack or fade, the Robbialac Scientists treat them to an artificial sun bath. In this way, much light is thrown on the durability both of the paint itself and on the fastness of the colours.

Whether you buy paint by the tin or the ton, this test is equally important. It ensures that each one of the many varieties of Robbialac — whether for industry's war-time requirements or for peace-time decorating — will stand high in the field of scientific achievement and give long and faithful service. The Robbialac Laboratories are at the disposal of all who use war paints in war time just as they are available to solve every painting problem in peace time.

The ROBBIALAC COMPANY

Proprietors: JENSON & NICHOLSON LTD., LONDON, E.15

*Kayser Underwear
fits because
it's tailored*



... and all Kayser-Bondor
stockings are full-fashioned



YOU may have had difficulty in getting 'SANATOGEN' Nerve-Tonic Food in the past. We cannot guarantee that you will not have difficulty in the future. But 'SANATOGEN' is being made. Ask your chemist for it: even if he cannot supply you immediately, he will be getting his share of 'SANATOGEN' at regular intervals, and will see that you get *your* share.

SANATOGEN

Regd. Trade Mark

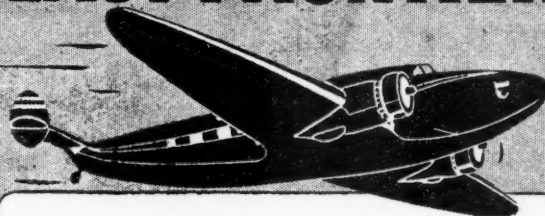
NERVE-TONIC FOOD

In one size only — 6/6d.

▲ 'GENATOSAN' Product



The LAST FRONTIER



Just as Canadian Pacific's steel rails once opened up the West, so, today, C.P.A. planes are giving access to the vital resources of Canada's New North.

Information from Canadian Pacific, 62 Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or Head Office, Montreal.



Canadian Pacific
AIR LINES

THE WINGS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM



Stored away in "safety" there are countless Jewels, unworn, unseen. AND we have living men for whom necessities are urgently wanted . . . Prisoners of War, Sick and Wounded. A hidden treasure taken out of store and sent to the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 15 Old Bond Street, London, W.1, would help to meet that growing need through the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Send for the next

RED CROSS
Jewel Sale
AT CHRISTIE'S



Registered under the War
Charities Act, 1940



THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY
Beechams Pills
Limited



SINCE the 'sixties Romary of Tunbridge Wells have produced 'home-baked' biscuits of supreme quality. They still do so, and any Romary Biscuits which you may be fortunate enough to find will always be in the authentic Tunbridge Wells tradition.

ROMARY

'TUNBRIDGE WELLS' BISCUITS



Costing only twenty-one coupons, the Simpson two-piece suit is one of the soundest investments you can make today. Tailored with that casual ease for which Simpsons have long been famous. Right for town and country. In a choice of worsteds, Saxories and tweeds.

From the best shops in most big towns or from Simpson (Piccadilly) Limited, 202, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

GLASTONBURY PREDICTIONS

Watch Aries



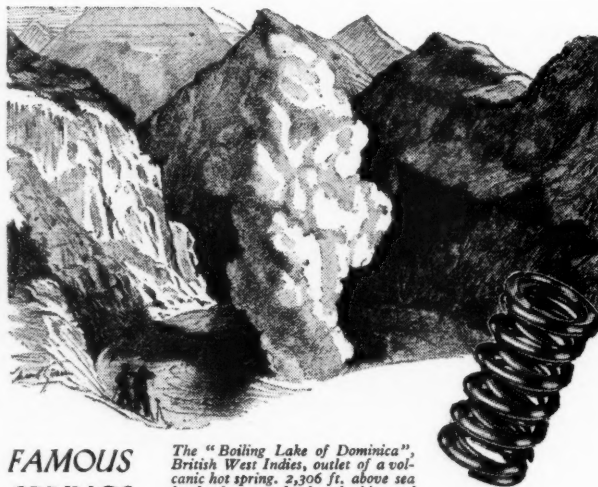
Aries, the Ram of the Zodiac, has been causing much comment in Astrological Circles of late. From my observatory on Glastonbury Tor I have myself observed Aries on several occasions give four distinct winks—three short and one long.

Putting two and two together (or rather, three and one) it would seem that the day when the ban is lifted from the familiar GLASTONBURY MOTOR OVERSHOES may not be so far off. What other interpretation could there be?



MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS

★ Meanwhile, take care of those you have until post-war improved styles arrive.



FAMOUS SPRINGS

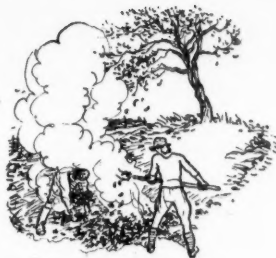
The "Boiling Lake of Dominica", British West Indies, outlet of a volcanic hot spring. 2,306 ft. above sea level, the vast depths of this pool have never been fathomed.

YEAR after year this pool maintains its level, constantly fed by the pulsing power of its hidden spring. Year after year spring-operated mechanisms maintain their level of maximum efficiency thanks to the comparable power of TERRY'S Springs. Terry's Research Department, with 88 years of specialisation behind it, is ever ready to meet new demands; to co-operate with designers and engineers; to ensure safe stressing and long-lived performance.

TERRY'S for SPRINGS

FAMOUS
FOR SPRINGS
& PRESSWORK
SINCE
1855.

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH, ENGLAND. Also at London · Birmingham · Manchester



PUNCH

OR

The London Charivari



Vol. CCV No. 5357

October 13 1943

Charivaria

"I WALKED along a London suburban street that seemed to strike a new note," says a visitor. Why, wasn't any pianist struggling with the "Warsaw Concerto"?

In an American zoo a parrot and a hyena are firm friends. The hyena loyally laughs at the parrot's funny remarks although he has heard them all before.

A road-sweeper in the West End of London recently found what he thought to be a worthless string of glass beads. He was right.

Solving the Coupon Problem

"The skirt may be made of steel and may carry a ring-groove at the lower end. By washing out the skirt pieces the effective diameter may be increased to take up slack. The skirt may also be replaced."—*Commercial Motor*.

A student of world affairs says he believes the time is nearing when remaining neutrals will put out war feelers.

Many a smoker nowadays longs for the matches his mother used to buy.

Mixed bathing in the Serpentine has ceased and only bathing for men is now permitted. But let nobody be deluded into thinking that women have reverted to their former status as the softer sex.

Bookmakers have been complaining of the difficulty in getting to racecourses. We seem to remember the day when their chief concern was in getting away from them.



A newspaper man says he came across quite a crowd of neutral journalists in Fleet Street recently. Can they have been the last man from Berlin?

An architect predicts a keen race after the war for the completion of building programmes. At the present rate of progress it will be neck and neck between the new London and the second pair of farm labourers' cottages.

"Churchill Promotes Ex-Pit Boy," says a headline announcing the appointment of Mr. G. H. Hall, M.P., as Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. If he is successful he may qualify for a surface secretaryship.

In view of the Fuehrer's insistence that the Russian winter line must be held at all costs, it is expected that the Dnieper will be successfully disengaging itself in the direction of Poland almost any day now.

Pastures New

"It was the safe convoy of 1,000 ships to North Africa and of 2,500 ships to Sicily that blew sky high the illusion that air power had destroyed sea power and put the Royal Navy back in the centre of the map of Europe."—*Report of Speech*.

Rumania recently sent a sharp note to Germany. Indignant Wilhelmstrasse officials are asking who does Rumania think she is, anyway? A neutral?



A Nazi spokesman informs his countrymen that they are fighting the war "in order that German mothers may once again tell German fairy tales to their children." Dr. Goebbels feels he has earned a rest.

A Chief Petty Officer of the Navy wears a monocle. As far as we know, recruits in the W.R.N.S. are not called upon to face a superior equipped with a lorgnette.

Wooden Shoes

A "Lunch Hour" Reverie

OH some have silver sandals
And some have shoes with
holes,
In bags of rag the wandering tramp
Ties up his weary soles,
And some have shoes like thunder
And some have shoes like flame,
All God's children got 'em—
But they have not all the same.

To shoe the honest worker
Since Adam sinned his sin
There's scarce a beast that (when
deceased)
Renounces not his skin:
The deer, the sow, the snake, the cow
To cobblers' lasts have gone,
And I ought to be shot for talking rot
But I still go drooling on.

In buskins high goes Tragedy,
In pumps the Comic Muse,
And some are said to walk about
In co-respondent's shoes,
The P.M.G. performs his task
With wings upon his heel,
The mounted knight went out to
fight
In footwear made of steel.

Without surcease through isles of
Greece
Shall march by scores and scores
Well-booted feet in hides of neat
Out of the Q.M. stores,
Amphibian tanks shall rise in ranks
Amongst the dolphin schools
Where once the foam-born Venus
sprang
Not even wearing mules.

Then here's (for us) the oak-tree shoe
For which no ox has died.
"Put off," observed John Nicholson,
"Put off those shoes of pride."
In hornbeam and in wych-elm now
Shall fairy feet be shod.
I care not much if brogues are Dutch
That on mine own have trod.

In shoes of wood both stout and good
The cotton worker goes,
And any stuff that's tough enough
Can sheathe a patriot's toes,
And when the trees by slow degrees
Have worn beneath my tread—
* * * * *
I will fashion a pair of shoes to wear
From the crust of war-time bread.
EVOE.

Experiences of a Junior Staff Officer

I—How I Began

I AM sometimes asked how I became
a staff officer. Was I appointed?
Did I fill in some sort of form?
Or did I just go to bed one night an
ordinary human being and wake up
wearing an arm-band?

None of these explanations is really
correct. The truth is that I was once
just an ordinary regimental officer—I
had ginger hair, piercing blue eyes,
blunt though pleasant features, and a
handlebar moustache. The only thing
at all out of the common about me was
a fondness for practical jokes and a
certain intellectual arrogance. I had
been warned about both these failings
at the Octu, and so on being posted to
the 11th Battalion of the Derriksshire
Regiment I was extremely careful.

And yet things were not going well
for me. For one thing the colonel and
I did not seem to get on together,
though heaven knows I tried hard
enough in a thousand little ways to be
pleasant to him. I had a cheerful
smile for him at all times. If I was
sitting in the mess when he came in I
never failed to take off my hat to him.

If I happened to have a bottle of boiled
sweets with me on parade I never
failed to offer him one. Yet it was
obvious that he disliked me.

Nor was this my only trouble. I
didn't seem to get on with my Company
Commander, Captain Anchovy, either.
I had made a bad start with him,
because the first time we went out on
a scheme he had found me playing
nap with the sergeant-major in a slit
trench, and though cordially invited he
had refused to take a hand. Lately he
had taken to appearing outside my
tent at about ten o'clock every morn-
ing saying "Wakey, wakey!" "Rise and
shine!" "Show a leg, Pinwright!" etc.
It was beginning to get on my nerves.

One evening as I came into the mess
a significant silence fell. It was
obvious that they had all been talking
about me. For some reason this
annoyed me. I sat down without
saying anything, but half-way through
the evening an idea occurred to me.
Getting down on all fours, I crept under
the colonel's chair and, suddenly
rising, flung him heavily to the ground.

"Did you do that, Pinwright?" said
the colonel when he had recovered his
breath. "Ha! Ha! Devilish funny!
Very droll indeed!" Colonel Gogmag-
witch was one of the old school—in
every sense of the word. "We must
have a drink on that!" He clapped
his hands. "Champagne!" Watching
narrowly I saw him whisper something
to the adjutant.

The champagne arrived with two
glasses.

"Do you take it with soda or water,
Pinwright?" asked the colonel insult-
ingly. But I had seen all I needed to
see. In that split second the adjutant
had whipped a small glass phial out
of his respirator haversack (by an
ancient regimental custom we always
wore our respirators at the "Alert"
at dinner) and poured the contents
into my glass.

"Your health!" said the colonel.
"And yours!" I returned, flinging
the drugged liquid into his face. I rose,
removed my braces and handed them
to the mess steward (another old
regimental custom) and walked out,
leaving consternation behind me.

A light burned all that night in the
colonel's office. They were holding
a conference—about me. About ten
o'clock next morning, as I lay in bed,
I was awakened not by Captain
Anchovy but by the colonel himself
saying "Rise and shine!" I reached
out and flung a boot vaguely. It hit
a passing quartermaster-sergeant, who
hastily signed a chit for it and hurried
off to his stores.

"Well, Pinwright," said the colonel,
"sitting down on my bed without being
asked, 'we've come to a decision
about you.'"

I looked into his face but saw
nothing there but treachery and deceit.
Remembering the events of the
previous night I was on my guard.

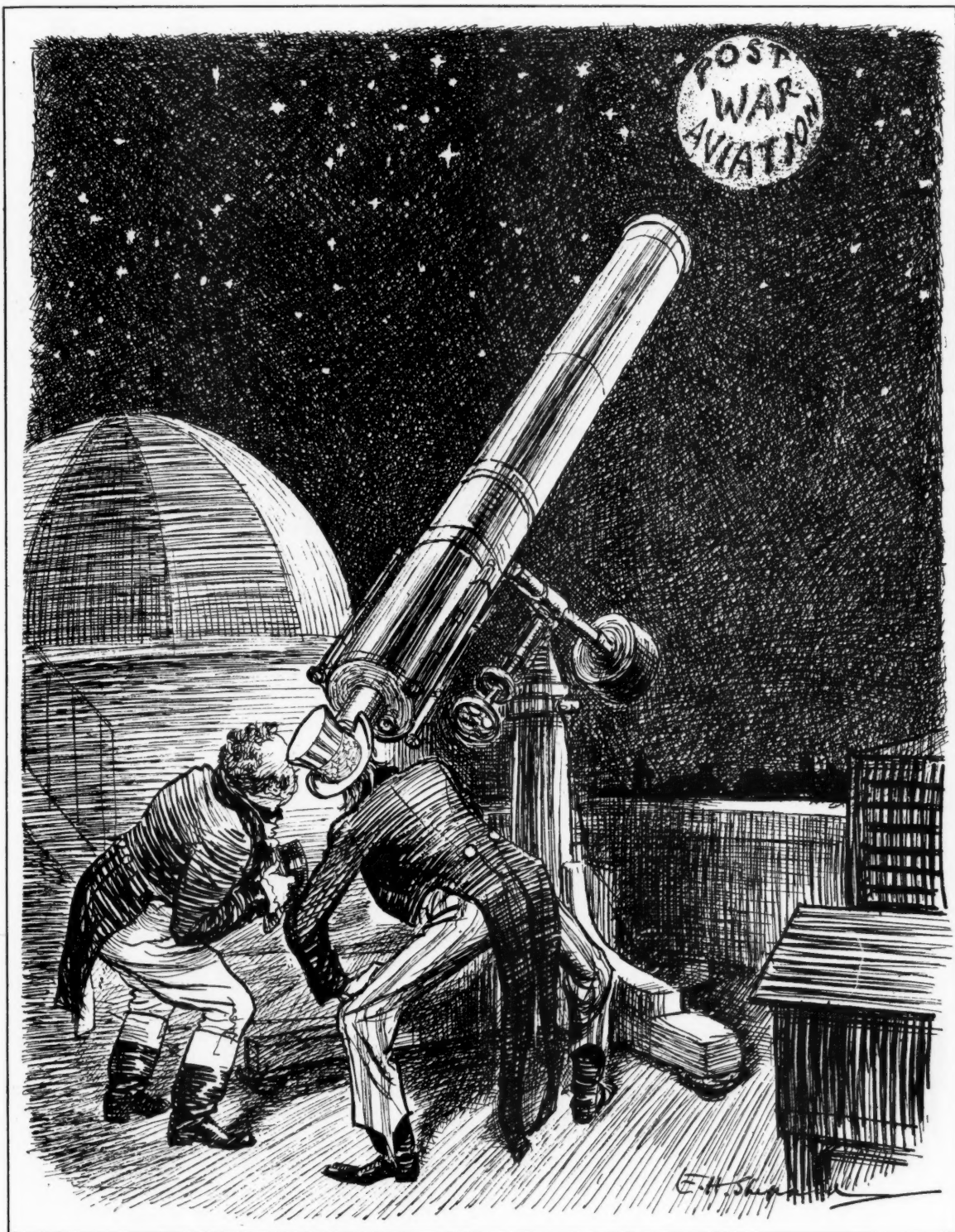
"We've decided that you're wasted
as a regimental officer. You are to be
attached to the Staff. You will report
to H.Q. 177 Corps forthwith."

He held out his hand, and as I took
it, suddenly substituted a hair-brush.
"Tit for tat," he said, giggling.

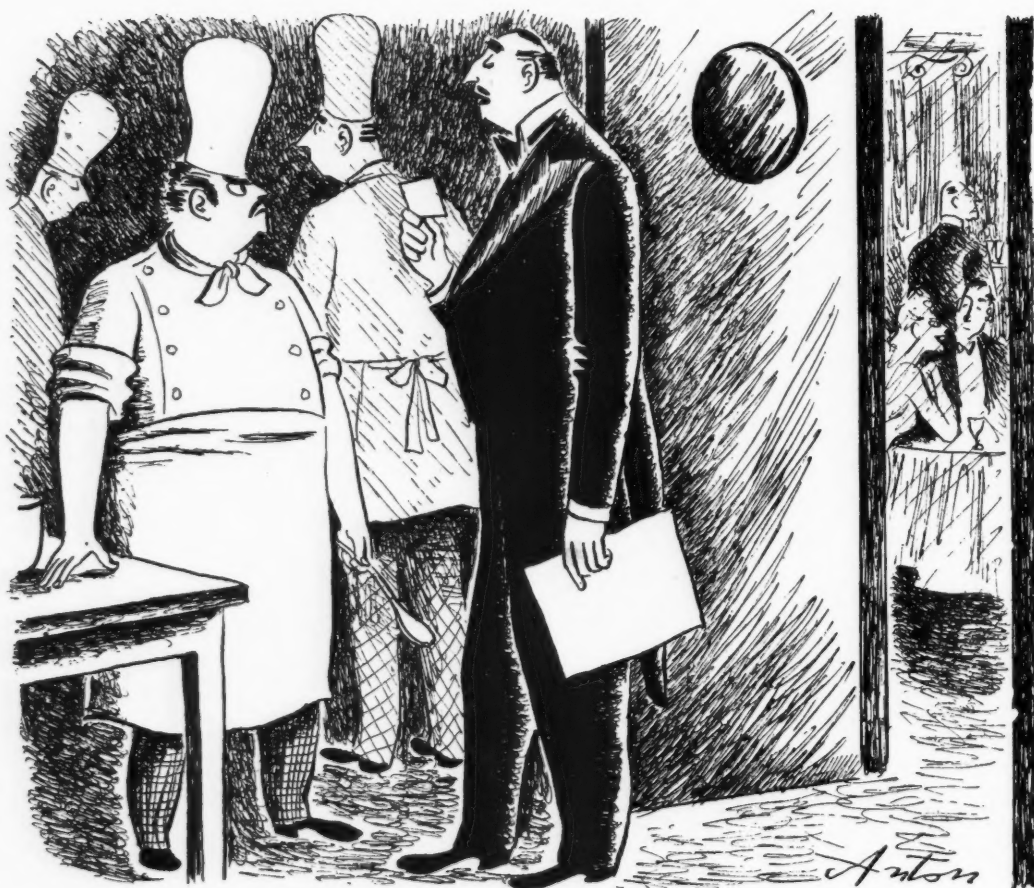
"I shan't forget this!" I shouted in
a towering rage, as he backed away.

But what was the use? Wearily I
told Nobottle, my batman, to pack
up my things. With a lazy touch of
malice Captain Anchovy had provided
a Bren Carrier to take me to Corps
Headquarters. As we roared past the
adjutant's office a Molotov cocktail,
containing curry powder, porridge and
phosphorus, narrowly missed my head.

And so farewell to regimental life!
Henceforth my lot was to be cast in
very different spheres.



"DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?"



"A Mr. Dixon of the Ministry of Supply's Synthetic Rubber Research Department would very much appreciate your recipe for Crêpes Suzette."

English Islands or Lost off Labrador

II

Friday

IT is still raining. It still blows from the south-east. The fog has lifted a little and we can see the shore 150 yards away. But out to sea it is still as thick as lentil soup or Civil Service English.

I have the kind of feeling one had after about three or four months of the London blitz—that from now on this is the normal life for ever, and one may as well accept it.

This is a fine little ship. She is about sixty tons, Diesel engine and schooner rigged. She has a crew of four, Newfoundlanders all, including a nice parson who rashly thought of taking his holiday as a member of the crew. He was to be absent from his

flock for one Sunday only: he has missed two already, and the third approaches. He is a great man with a gun. Yesterday he shot an eider-duck.

The ship belongs to the Grenfell Mission, and normally she is a sort of "floating clinic", and carries a nurse (or a doctor, if available) along the coast. She was the only vessel that could be found to carry the Parliamentary Mission to the Labrador.

The cabin, where I sit writing about the Future of Newfoundland, is the dispensary, where the poor fishermen come to have their teeth out or their engine-troubles attended to. Whenever I look up from the Future of Newfoundland I see either fog or Sulfathiazole, Chloral Hydrate, Acetylsalicylic

Acid, Sodium Salicylate, Sulfamide, Blaud Pills, Brown's Mixture and a great number of alarming instruments. Whenever I open a drawer I smell dentist. When the ship rolled heavily the first time a large bottle of Oil of Wintergreen broke adrift and descended into my soup.

We always felt a little guilty about taking the clinic ship away from her beneficent duties to be a transport for politicians, though it was not our fault. We feel still worse when we go alongside a fishing schooner, or anchor in a harbour, and the fishermen and settlers crowd round to see if there is a doctor aboard.

Dinner-time.

I have just had some of the Padre's

eider-duck. Excellent. It is still raining. The fog has moved a little. It was just inside the entrance to the cove. It is now just outside.

Where were we? Oh, yes. The Newfoundland schooners go north in the spring—"down" north they say, and "up" south, which is confusing—and fish on the coast of Labrador, far north sometimes, six or seven hundred miles from the northern tip of their own island. Some of them should be full of fish by now, and on their way home. But all are held up by this eternal fog, lying in coves and inlets, patiently waiting for weather—or tossing at anchor out at sea.

We lay alongside one such schooner on our way "up"—no, "down"—the coast. Barrels full of cod stood on the deck: and she was as full of aches and pains as fish.

Two men had engine-trouble. I routed round the dispensary and dosed them with some sort of bismuth powder. They sailed on southward and I hope they still live. I think so, for I took the same dose myself and survived. A boy had toothache and I gave him aspirin and "bread-soda"—we had not found the forceps then. Then a small boat came alongside with a father, mother, and bonny baby. The baby was "tongue-tied". I drew the line at that. But George knew all about that and reassured the mother. By the time he had done, he had persuaded her that the condition was common, if not desirable, and in any case need not be dealt with for four or five years.

When we first anchored in these islands—two or three miles from here—the Padre and I landed and called on one of the inhabited shacks—there were only three. There was a fine fisherman there, with a fine boy of fourteen, who smoked a pipe, and a daughter. He lives in a similar shack on the mainland in the winter, but spends the summer on the islands, fishing. He has no wireless, but he has seven guns with which he shoots the polar bear and other animals. There is a wireless in one of the shacks, but the boy said he did not listen to the news, and could not tell me anything about the war. He had not heard of Mussolini; but he had heard of Hitler, "the man who caused the war". He cannot read or write; but does not mind: and maybe he is right.

Well, the father had bad toothache and had had it, "off and on, all the summer". He was very cheerful about it, but I went back to the ship and hunted till I found the forceps. On our way back to the water I saw a motor-boat come alongside our ship and leave again. Our captain told me

that she had half a dozen men all looking for a doctor to haul a tooth (they talk of "hauling" a tooth as they do of "hauling a trawl"). I was just nerving myself to propose trying my first extraction on the poor fisherman ashore when the skipper said he must shift his berth as the wind was rising and the water was deep. So we steamed away, and now we could not get back if we had an aeroplane.

I cannot help thinking of the poor fisherman's tooth, especially as I have an intermittent offender myself, which, for all I know, may do its worst before we escape from Seal Islands.

I hope that nobody will tell me again that life is all too civilized nowadays, or sigh to "get away from everything". Permanent toothache must be bad enough when you are "away from everything". But the fisherman might have a broken leg or a lethal appendix. The Grenfell Mission have only one doctor now (and, I think, three nursing stations) on all this 700 miles of coast. My Seal Islands friend is fortunate, for he is only sixty-five miles from the doctor at Cartwright, and could go there in a small motor-boat (if it was not thick fog). But the doctor is no good at teeth, I know, for he told me so. I suppose that he could "haul a tooth", but he could not stop one; nor could he haul my ancient tusks, for example, which have to be excavated from bed-rock with hammer and chisel. The nearest dentist, within the meaning of the Act, is at St. Anthony,

Newfoundland, I believe, about 300 miles away. And in between is thick fog and a rough sea. Think of that, all ye who yearn to "get away from everything".

It shows how great has been the work of the Grenfell and Moravian Missions, of doctor and nurse going forth in motor-boats at night or plodding over the ice behind a dog-team. It also shows how small it is, in so immense a field.

Our captain is inclined to agree with me that there seems no reason now why the fog should ever lift. We have supplies for about another week, and the Padre can always get a seagull, I suppose, but I don't know about water and coal: and I am sure my tobacco will run out long before that.

But I am not complaining. After all, we might be in an open boat.

A. P. H.

Scottish Idyll

WE hadna married been a week,
A week but barely three,
When I beheld our thirteen sons
All hanging in a tree.

Their mither's taen a penknife sma'
Frae Woolworth's in the town;
She's climbed into the mighty oak
And cut the family down.

Then up and spak our eldest son,
The blade shone in his hand:
"The bones of him that did this deed
Shall scatter o'er the land."

Then up and spak the second son,
The tears stood in his eye:
"The man that played this trick on us
My hand shall gar him die."

Syne up and spak the youngest ane,
His locks were fair to see:
"Well fits the gallows any man
Says 'die' instead of 'dee'."

A hundred banes I swallow weel
But on a bone I choke;
I'd rather droon in yonder burn
Than call an aik an oak."

Then all upraise the other twal'
And stabbed him in the back;
"There's ten should be in front of him
Before he up and spak."

Their mither's clasped her dozen sons
And made a piteous mane;
Their father's taen a little rope
And hung them up again.

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

THEY are brave, these people who, behind the scenes, whether at home or in the factories, go quietly about their essential tasks. Even when they are bombed and lose their homes and cherished possessions, their grateful appreciation of the help given them through the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND acclaims the spirit which cannot be broken.

The privilege of service to them is extended to you. If you have helped us with contributions before will you please help us again? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

At the Pictures

FROM THE NOVEL

TYPICALLY "from a novel" is *Kings Row* (Director: SAM WOOD): it bears all the signs. The comparatively long passage of time, the death-scene and the deaths "off," the miscellaneity of incident and character, above all the literary flavour of much of the dialogue, mark it out; in a story written specially for the screen this kind of thing is almost unknown. It is not a type of picture I like much, but here the basis of good playing and intelligent though not particularly inspired direction make it a worthy enough piece in spite of what seems to me a spurious ending. That the young man who takes it very hard and bitterly when he loses his legs after an accident should become suddenly cheerful again when his young psychiatrist friend tells him the amputations were unnecessary strikes me as quite an arbitrary dénouement. I don't here adopt that most facile and exasperating critical formula which says that *such characters never do this* or that *people like So-and-So do not say that*; the business of the author or the film-makers is to present credibly the particular character (all characters are in the last resort possible) who did do it and does say it; and in the film *Kings Row* I don't think that essential creative office has been performed, though it may have been in the novel.

The playing, again, is good. RONALD REAGAN and ROBERT CUMMINGS are the two friends, and ANN SHERIDAN has a more serious and exacting part than she has had for some time, as one of those self-sacrificing girls. As usual in a filmed novel, there are platoons of subsidiary characters, all well represented; particularly by BETTY FIELD as an ill-fated girl on the edge of insanity, and by CLAUDE RAINS as her father.

The Adventures of Tartu
(Director: HAROLD S.

BUCQUET) is at bottom—and indeed all the way up—the old, old spy story, but it is well and amusingly done and ROBERT DONAT is a delight as he assumes the manners of a flamboyant

café, the offensively easy tapping of enemy telephone-wires, the final chase. And the misunderstandings, which are very nearly unintentionally funny in their intricacy; more than once I thought of that O. Henry burlesque of Sherlock Holmes at the end of which the apparent criminal revealed himself as the detective and vice versa. Nevertheless because it is well done, and always because of Mr. DONAT's excellent comic playing as the boucherish, lady-killing Rumanian, the piece is almost continuously bright.

It is also made with some conscience, and an inkling of what it means to be living in a German-occupied country; whereas *They Met in the Dark* (Director: KAREL LAMAC), another British-made spy story, suffers from the old British-film fault of utter irresponsibility. Overlit (with that peculiar smooth, silvery, hotel-bedroom gleam), completely out of touch with life, endlessly preoccupied with the circumstances and mechanics of popular entertainment,

and ready to charge after any side-issue for the sake of a small laugh, it contrives to waste a surprising number of competent and well-known players. My real reason for going to the London Pavilion was to see the U.S. Special Service Division's documentary *The Battle of Britain*, which was well worth waiting for. A great deal of the material here assembled under the direction of FRANK CAPRA we have seen before: it includes cuts from newsreels and from other documentaries such as *Target for To-night*. Its value lies in the way it is put together, with diagrams and extracts from German news films, so as to make a complete story of the Battle of Britain as it was fought, which we can compare with Hitler's plan (also here explained) of the way it was to be fought. The film is a valuable, instructive and stimulating record, and perhaps not too many of us will be made uneasy by the resounding melodramatics of the commentators. R. M.



J.H. DOWD

[Kings Row]

RETURNED NATIVE'S OUTLOOK

Parris Mitchell ROBERT CUMMINGS
Col. Skeffington HARRY DAVENPORT

Rumanian Iron Guard. The customary clichés of this fable turn up, of course: the hero called to the War Office for a serious talk before being dropped on a parachute over enemy-occupied territory, the dancing and drinking with the heroine among the uniforms in the



J.H.D.

[Adventures of Tartu]

UNIFORMITY IN HEADGEAR

Maruschka VALERIE HOBSON
Tartu ROBERT DONAT

Convalescence

LIEUTENANT Sympson's sandfly fever came to an end at the same time as the mysterious white spots on my throat that caused such a lot of discussion in medical circles in the Middle East. We were both sent to No. 222 Convalescent Depot for ten days.

"The leisured life we shall lead here," said Sympson, "will give us an excellent opportunity to catch up with all those little jobs that fall so behindhand in the hurly-burly of life as a Platoon Officer. I have hundreds of letters to answer, from aunts and such-like, and I promised the Vicar at home an article about Jerusalem for the Parish Magazine. Then I want to give my Sam Browne a few hours' steady polishing, because my batman is too heavy-handed to trust with it, and I suppose I shall need the thing eventually for the Victory March. . . ."

I thought Sympson's idea quite a good one. Long hours of idleness can be very demoralizing.

"Personally," I said, "I have so many little jobs of that sort to do that I propose to make a list, and then divide the jobs up into ten parts, one part for each day that we shall remain here."

Sympson agreed that this was sound policy, and we both got out pencils and pieces of paper and managed to compile quite formidable lists. It was remarkable what a lot of useful and intelligent things we had just left undone in the past, such as sticking notices inside our luggage saying that if lost it was to be returned to our Company when a large reward would be paid; taking our fountain-pens to pieces and cleaning them; and comparing the Pay and Allowances we had actually had with the Pay and Allowances to which we were entitled, and writing to the Paymaster about it if his mistakes were on the wrong side.

We had nearly finished our lists when another officer told us that dinner would be served in half an hour and that as it was Friday we would have to wear ties, Friday being the night of the Colonel's parade dinner. He also reminded us that as we were in a malarial area we would have to turn down the sleeves of our bush-shirts. Like everybody who has been stationed in a non-malarial area we had taken the buttons from our sleeves to replace buttons that had come off the pockets of our bush-shirts, so we had to wear our tunics K.D. and be practically boiled alive.



"Yes, but dammit, Sentry, surely you can identify me without pulling my moustache?"

"Which just shows the importance of trifles," said Sympson. "We must both add to our lists 'purchase buttons and get them sewn on.'"

Next morning we were rather scandalized to find that we had to do P.T., but Sympson said perhaps it was a good thing as it got us up early and would give us a fine long day to complete our arrangements of our lists and to get started on the jobs.

After breakfast we were just filling our pipes in the mess ready to settle down to work when an officer handed us each an enormous pile of O.R. mail to be censored, which took us till lunch time.

After lunch we escaped as quickly as we could and decided to finish our lists in the peace and quiet of the local officers' and nurses' club, which is run by the Y.W.C.A. To save time we took a one-horse cab of the kind

that is found all over North Africa and Egypt. They nearly always break down, but this one was not so obliging. The horse simply stopped and became petrified and only started again when we got out, so that of course we got in again, and then after another few yards the horse stopped again.

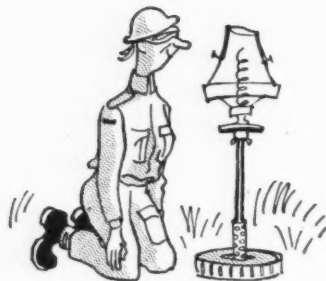
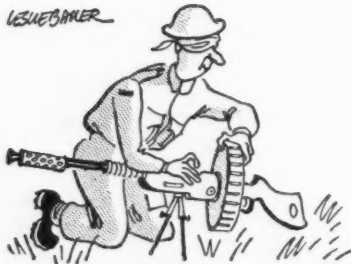
We arrived at the Y.W.C.A. in time for tea and were immediately afterwards roped in to assist in repainting the annexe.

What with this wretched annexe and censoring letters and helping with pay and doing occupational therapy and being orderly officer we became so exhausted that we begged for permission to leave after seven days. In the train on our way back to our unit we completed our lists of jobs to be done.

"We shall have much more leisure to get the various jobs done," said Sympson, "when we get back to work."

The Phoney Phleet

XXXI—H.M.S. "Stunt"



THE "Stunt," our latest battleship, is anchored in the bay,
The mussels hang in masses from her mast;
The ward-room's full of winkles, and the decks are deep in hay;
It seems that this inertia will last.

* * * * *

It started when a Mrs. Bonzo wrote about her son,
Suggesting he'd be useful to the Fleet;
She'd trained him, like his father, to be Shot Out of a Gun
(The family made their living by this feat).

Beginning with a pistol at the tender age of ten
And gradually stepping up the bore,
He'd worked his way through howitzers to full-size cannon
when
He found his practice ruined by the war.

The Admiralty, noted for the way they welcome change
And avid for ideas of any sort,
Accepted Bonzo junior and tried him on the range;
He turned out even better than they thought.

He fitted most exactly in the standard 12-inch gun,
Though after lunch he got a trifle large.
He needed lubrication, but then so would anyone,
And, honestly, one couldn't grudge the charge.

They sent him, with instructions, to the *Stunt*, the Navy's pride,
The Flag-ship of the 18th Battle Fleet.
His range was satisfactory, he seldom scored a wide,
His muzzle-speed and fusing were a treat.

His methods brought successes from the Arctic to the Med.,
He'd do a pretty parabolic curve
And then descend acutely on the hostile captain's head,
Which made the hostile captain lose his nerve.

They'd shoot him at a U-boat and he'd twist the periscope;
He'd intercept torpedoes on the run;
He came to be regarded as the Navy's Great White Hope—
Great Britain's One-man Answer to the Hun.

Alas, for human frailty! Woe's me! And damn bad luck!
On May 17th (once more, Alack!)
They didn't grease the barrel and so poor old Bonzo stuck;
They couldn't shove him on or push him back.

* * * * *

The "Stunt," our latest battleship, is anchored in the bay,
And now you understand what it's about.
They've scalloped in the scuppers and I fear they're going to stay
Till Bonzo—well, let's hope they get him out.

o o

"Arrangements provide for the sounding at 10 a.m. of the 'Raiders Passed' signal for one minute. This will be followed by a two-minute interval and then the 'Alert' signal will be sounded for one minute. After another two months interval, the 'Raiders Passed' signal will again be given for a minute and the test will end at 10.7."—Yorkshire Paper.

Gradual relaxation of controls, eh?

It Can Still Happen Here.

WHEN I was very young my father would often say: "An exact interpersonal comparison of psychical magnitudes is not feasible: but this does not logically invalidate *all* comparison." I well remember the emphasis he put on the word "all." Even to-day I am not sure what my father meant by these words, but they have always been associated in my mind with the search for good and the quest for truth. They are the main-spring of my keen sense of civic responsibility. Quite recently I was able to expose the scandal of substitute fire-watchers. To-day I turn my attention to a more sinister racket.

A few weeks ago I happened to be motoring in the West Country. My mission was vague but intuitive and therefore highly necessary. On the outskirts of — I found the road crammed with refugees. It was a pitiful spectacle. Old men tottered forward under their ragged bundles of domestic utensils and furniture; old women struggled to keep abreast of their numerous grandchildren. Worse

than their physical discomfort was the look of utter hopelessness in their tired eyes. I was reminded of the France of 1940. And worse still, I discovered when I questioned them, was the fatalist resignation with which they accepted their lot. I was appalled. I determined to put this thing right even if it meant staying in the West Country until I had to use my ration book.

An old man, a nonagenarian if ever there was one, said: "'Tis hard, zur, I grant 'e, but the council's roight, an' no doubt. If — is to keep 'er place in Savin's Campaign 'tis we old uns, not a-earnin' of good money in they war fackatries, as must go. 'Tis our bounden dooty, zur, to increase the savin's in the only way we can—per 'ead of population."

After this I was not unduly surprised by what I discovered in —. The local non-ferrous scrap-iron drive had produced good results: but the beautiful gun-metal plaque commemorating the achievement had left little in net profit for the nation. The town was savings mad. Forgers and dealers in

counterfeit coins were springing up like mushrooms and the police and the judiciary smiled upon their activities. Every other week was "barter week" when all monetary transactions except the purchase of savings certificates and war bonds were forbidden. The banks were granting overdrafts for investment on the easiest terms. The town council had increased the salaries of local government officials to fantastic heights in order to improve the total of "small" savings. The town had 571 Street Savings Groups—2·3 (approx.) for every house. The town clerk claimed jurisdiction and rights of monopoly over the whole of the Fosse Way for his Street Savings Group and had won an expensive decision from the Court of Appeal.

There is much to admire in all this. To-day the town of — stands third in the Western Counties Savings Competition. It is a fine achievement, but as my mind goes back to that congested by-pass I understand a little the meaning of my father's words. Success, yes. But at what price?



"Half a sovereign if you get to Waterloo before all the taxis have gone!"



"Well, off-band I should say we've found one of those deadly German anti-personnel bombs."

The Song of the North Wind

THE Wind has been called up from over
Norway

And is shouting to Orion and the Bear
And is whispering and whistling in the doorway
And is driving withered leaves into the air.

He is down upon the woodlands with his thunder,
He is singing strange songs suddenly by night,
He is here with us, the North Wind in his wonder,
And who shall read the song he sings aright?

Has he come to drive the icebergs to their stations
For the wrecking of lost ships upon the sea?
Is his errand one of mercy to the nations?
Does he come to lift the fog and blow it free?

Does he blow to help man's traffic on the ocean?
Will he drive the germs of fever from the
towns?

Will he set some new machinery in motion?
No, I saw him far from man upon the downs.

For the thistledown is going on a journey
And it needs the North Wind's might to travel by,
To carry to new valleys, moist and ferny,
The bloom that shall be splendid in July,

That shall lift, tall and purple in its glory,
The flower whose forbears gathered sunlight long
Before the first beginnings of our story.

For this the Wind was called; of this his song.
ANON.



FIRE AND SWORD

"This, mein Fuehrer, is the new uniform for our armies in Italy."



"... but, as regards the Twelfth Front, I'm just not quite sure WHERE I'd open that."

Low Flying

HITHERTO in the case of dual instruction it has always been the practice of the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet to dispatch me in advance to the machine of his choosing with a curt order to "get into '96'" and await his displeasure. Behind this injunction I have had no difficulty in detecting the implication that in view of the time he knows it will take me to unravel the intricacies of the Sutton harness and to prepare myself generally for the impending flight it is purposeless for him to think of approaching the aeroplane himself for at least a quarter of an hour.

Quite often, of course, he has proved right, but as often again it has been my good fortune to fasten the harness correctly the first time so that I have found myself with ten minutes on my hands and nothing to do but stare dumbly at the instrument panel

and occasionally relieve the tension by pushing the stick viciously around the cockpit, pretending to execute some violent manoeuvre I should never dream of attempting if the aeroplane were really airborne.

To-day, however, the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet is actually walking by my side and personally accompanying me to the machine. Moreover there are unmistakable signs that he is in exceptional good humour. He is, for example, quietly humming the opening bars of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody—although admittedly painfully out of tune and with quite the wrong emphasis. He even engages me for a few seconds in informal conversation, using his incredible knowledge of meteorological conditions to venture some remark on the possibilities of the afternoon's weather—a forecast with which it would be foolish and not in the best

interests of discretion to disagree. Even the fact that I am unfortunate enough a few moments later to catch my foot against a chock that some stupid mechanic has seen fit to leave lying carelessly on the tarmac elicits from him no ribald comment, as assuredly would have been the case in normal circumstances.

What, then, lies behind the abnormality of this occasion?

As we reach the machine and I endeavour to prolong this spate of bonhomie by holding the gentleman's straps ready to drop over his shoulders, a single sentence discloses the reason for this almost fraternal atmosphere. He informs me that because we are about to do some low flying I had better take every precaution to strap myself in tight in consideration of the fact that should I find myself inadvertently leaving the aeroplane at a height of two hundred feet my

parachute would be quite useless except possibly as a shroud with which to cover my dead body—a remark I consider to be not altogether in the best taste.

His jubilant "Contact" to the waiting mechanic and his friendly wave of the hand to summon that individual to the menial task of removing the chocks from beneath the wheels are further pointers to the happy anticipation with which he looks forward to thirty minutes of hazardous flying in close proximity to the ground.

As for myself, despite my supreme confidence in the gentleman's ability, I cannot bring myself to share his enthusiasm.

I notice that I am not given the controls, as has customarily been the practice, neither am I told to taxi into position for the take-off. The gentleman himself is doing this. Indeed before I can say "knife"—that is, if there were any point in my saying "knife"—the aeroplane is whisked down the aerodrome, turned into wind and sent hurtling across the ground towards the upwind boundary. . . .

Never before have I cleared the wind-sock by so small a margin, and never before have I made so tight a circuit of the aerodrome as the machine is headed, the throttle fully open, towards a thick wood which, rather unwisely I should have thought, is specified as the Low Flying Area. . . .

I am rapidly coming to the conclusion that sweeps over France will never be my forte. I am quite convinced that the trees over which we are passing are brushing their feathery tops against the underside of our mainplanes. Moreover the air in this region is what I have on occasions heard the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet refer to as "knobbly," and I have every reason to suppose that one of these "knobbles" will at any moment cause our aeroplane to lose that precious fifty feet of altitude which appears to me to be all that is between us and sudden death.

But what is this? Are my ears deceiving me or do I really hear the commanding voice of the gentleman in front ordering me to take the aeroplane myself and instructing me to get nearer the ground as we are a little high? It appears that my ears have not deceived me, for I notice that the gentleman is so desirous of indicating how truly the aeroplane is in my custody that he is resting his elbows high up on the doors of the cockpit and pointing imperatively towards the ground with the forefinger of the right hand. At the same time the fingers of his left hand are drumming merrily

against the outside of the fuselage, so that it is with some concern I realize that, for the moment, neither of us is in actual possession of the machine at all.

Seizing the controls, therefore, more firmly than I have ever seized them before, I direct the machine towards that part of the wood which appears to me to contain the rather lower trees. Almost immediately, however, I am instructed to go into a turn through a full one hundred and eighty degrees and fly in the reciprocal direction.

The suggestion is frightening in the extreme.

A knowledge of "Theory of Flight," together with my limited practical experience, have both convincingly proved to me the necessity of applying bank in a turn, but in these terrifying circumstances it occurs to me that if I venture so to do I shall, by thus lowering twelve feet of aerofoil towards the ground, be reducing our limited altitude by a considerable proportion. I am endeavouring to corroborate my estimate of our height as fifty feet by glancing momentarily at the altimeter, but I notice that the instrument seems already to have lost interest in the proceedings and is registering nothing at all.

Easing on a little rudder, therefore, and leaving the bank severely alone, I see the nose of the aeroplane yaw slowly around the horizon, but before we have so much as altered our course by five degrees I notice the right hand of the gentleman in front whip smartly back into the cockpit, instantly applying bank to such an alarming extent that I feel sure the wing tip is about to make contact with the higher branches of an incredibly tough-looking oak tree. This violent change of attitude is immediately followed by a particularly verbose dissertation on the dangers of flat turns in general and those near the ground in particular, at the conclusion of which the aeroplane is again restored to my reluctant charge. . . .

For a further fifteen minutes I rush hither and thither at tree-top height, now and again surreptitiously easing gently back on the control column in an endeavour to gain a few precious feet of altitude—a movement, however, which is instantly counteracted by the gentleman in front.

At long last the aeroplane is removed from my charge and we are hurtling once more in the direction of the aerodrome. . . .

As I climb shakily to the ground I observe the master of aeronautics bending down and removing something from the starboard axle of our under-

carriage. Grinning broadly he hands me, as if it were a bouquet, two minute but leafy twigs which my small knowledge of dendrology enables me to recognize as having once been part of an elm tree. . . .

Me and the W.A.E.C.

APPARENTLY I have a large farm. The idea came to the local W.A.E.C. last month, so they sent me a bluff notice to plough up three acres by order and sow to wheat for the coming cropping season.

On receiving this I went out and had a look at my resources. They appeared to be a spade, a shovel, and a hoe, a hand-roller used for the late cricket pitch, a tennis marker, and a ball of tarred string. As these did not seem to be the tools for the job I picked up a telephone and explained my feelings to Mr. A of the W.A.E.C.

Mr. A worked swiftly. He took immediate action against B, C and D—B being the machinery officer, C the foreman i/c machines and D the driver of a tractor controlled by C, who, as you will not remember, is the foreman who acts on instructions from the machinery officer.

This blue-print of the job being as satisfactory as all blue-prints are to me, it only remained for someone to put in the machines and start them up.

In a week—underline week—before I had time to arrange for Pepys (a horse) to have his meals out, a tractor, complete with a man to drive it and a plough to pull, was burying Pepys' food. The next day the poor animal, neighing loudly, was anxiously walking round and round a diminishing pond of pasture. (Luckily, before the end came, I was able to make arrangements for him to double up with some friends.)

One day more and I should have seen the finish, but by the post there came two forms—one green, one not. On both I had to record, under penalties for not recording (I always read the penalties first, being rather superstitious), the numbers of, my sheep, my oxen, my asses, my horses, my geese, my hens, my hat. . . .

There was no column for remarks, complaints or testimonials, so I wrote a letter, in duplicate, saying how pleased I was the Minister of Agriculture had started me up in this business, assuring him of my best attention at all times, and sincerely hoping that when it came to threshing I'd still have some ink left.



"I wouldn't be seen with a civilian, only that Harold's a type that plies you with clothing coupons."

I Meet South.

I ATTRIBUTED his presence, unannounced, in the living room to the severe shortage of domestic staff. However, he was sitting there quite comfortably—a tall lean man with a nervous manner who smoked incessantly and who could not keep his hands still. I introduced myself.

"Good evening," I remarked. "I am the writer of this article."

"I am glad to note that you're conventional," he replied, "for I am South."

The conversation then reached one of those sterile patches. I looked at him closely; there was nothing particularly southern in his aspect. I even

checked his position with a small pocket compass—it was nor-nor-west. It would have been easier had he announced himself as the Equator, or the Doldrums, or even Greenwich Mean Time. It would have been something more tangible to have gone on.

"I," he repeated slowly, "am S-o-u-t-h."

He drew a small table towards him and produced two packs of playing cards. As he rapidly dealt four hands he remarked casually: "East and West couldn't come—which will you be?"

I went West.

"It doesn't matter much about North," he continued. "He's always

Dummy, although he usually gives me a little assistance in the bidding."

I knew then whom I was entertaining—South: *The Man Who Always Plays the Bridge Hands!* My spirit flinched.

"I've been doing this for years," he explained. "I'll bid for North and you can bid for East. It will make very little difference, for I always play the hand."

It somehow took the competitive spirit out of me, but I rallied and finally bid up to a Small Slam in Hearts. South went to Six No Trumps. After a careful scrutiny of both hands I went to the Grand Slam. South immediately bid Seven No Trumps and I doubled. He was set three tricks.

"But why did you carry on?" I naturally asked.

"It was rather stupid of you to have bid against me," he explained. "I'm always left with the contract. That hand was a perfect example of over-estimating partner's suit. A lead with a small Club would have given me my contract, for I should then have played for an End-squeeze between your Ace of Hearts and Ace of Diamonds, and then led the thirteenth Club."

Despite my score of 500 over the line, it all sounded so palpably easy. There were many questions I wanted to ask him.

"Why is it," I began, "that as you always play the hand, East and West are sometimes vulnerable?"

"Without vulnerable opponents at times the game becomes monotonous. It is a courtesy on my part to keep the game interesting."

"And does North object to never playing the hand?"

"Never having done so, I doubt whether he realizes what he is missing. He is, fortunately, an adept at drawn-thread work with which he busies himself after the bidding is over and I have stated my contract."

"And are East and West both content at never playing the hands?"

"Again, they have never done so. They are astute defensive players, as any bridge article will prove to you."

South then began a discussion of the present war situation. "There are times," he said, "when I consider myself similar to the British Empire. We always have the Last Word." He began dealing another four hands.

"I've noticed," he continued, "that the Russians are developing an interesting technique of the Jump Take Out, with the Huns at the Double. Their forcing leads have yielded valuable successes above the line."

He lit another cigarette and went on.

"The Quebec Conference justifies the popularity of the Big Two convention, while our successes in Italy could not have been achieved without using the One-over-One technique."

Questioned about the Far East, South admitted that "we had momentarily lost the rubber," but expected that a "duplicate partnership would recoup initial losses and achieve a successful End-play."

I refused his invitation to play another hand with him; it seemed so pointless. South then collected up his cards, uncoiled his length from the chair, and just before closing the door with the slight suspicion of a little slam, remarked: "I am glad to have discussed military affairs with you. I find I cannot discuss the Money Market, Agriculture, London Night Life, nor Love without making a suitable pun here and there."

With which remark he went.

o o

To Be or Not to Be.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree," said Cousin Florence thoughtfully, and Mrs. Battlegate immediately rapped on the table with a pencil and said "Order, please!"

Several of the Committee members remarked afterwards that Mrs. Battlegate's manner in the Chair was not a happy one, and both Miss Plum and Miss Dodge declared that tears had come into Cousin Florence's eyes.

Certainly she was completely silent during the rest of the meeting, and did not even support Miss Littlemug when she said boldly, at the end of the first eighty-five minutes: "I suggest that the question be now put."

The question, however, was not put as easily as all that. And Mrs. Battlegate herself must have repeated the words: "To be or not to be, that is the question" quite several times—not counting the times when she only said "To be or not to be."

"In my opinion," said the General, "it would be nothing less than criminal to sacrifice the whole of the centre of the village—which the chestnut-tree practically *is*—for the sake of tearing up a few feet of iron paling which are there to protect the tree from hooliganism."

Canon Pramm and Mrs. Pledge at one and the same instant repudiated

the existence of any hooliganism whatever in the parish, let alone the village, and Mrs. Pledge added that her son Cyril had always done his utmost to be a good influence over those less fortunately endowed than himself.

Several people may have felt that if the influence of Cyril Pledge was all that stood between Little Fiddle-on-the-Green and hooliganism it stood a poor chance indeed. But no one said this aloud, nor would the words, if uttered, have been heard.

Uncle Egbert observed that as the whole of the railings that separated his own front garden from his shrubbery had been cheerfully pulled up and given away for metal salvage he could see no reason why the railing round the chestnut-tree should be left.

And Miss Pin said that it wasn't as though a chestnut-tree was a churchyard.

"It is evident," said Mrs. Battlegate, "that there is a sharp cleavage of opinion amongst us."

"Hear, hear," said Miss Littlemug.

Miss Dodge reminded the meeting that, by a very ancient law, no railway line might run through land on which a walnut-tree was growing.

The meeting received this thoughtfully—but as Aunt Emma said afterwards, no one (except perhaps Mrs. Battlegate) was thinking of anything except getting home to tea.

In the end Mrs. Battlegate put it to the vote, as to whether the iron railing round the chestnut-tree in the middle of the village should be taken up for salvage. "And remember," she

said, "that if Hitler were in power there would be neither tree nor railing."

Miss Littlemug at once replied, with great spirit, that Hitler would never be allowed to set foot in Little Fiddle-on-the-Green, and that to refer to such a contingency, however remotely, amounted to defeatism.

After that the meeting went on for a good thirty minutes longer, and supper, rather than tea, became the subject of mental preoccupation.

Eventually the votings For and Against came out exactly even, and so they did even when first Miss Littlemug and then Uncle Egbert demanded a recount.

"The Chairman, I believe, has the casting vote," said General Battlegate—and Aunt Emma asserted next day that the look he gave Mrs. Battlegate was equal to any word of command on the parade-ground. And Mrs. Battlegate, accordingly, gave the casting vote in favour of leaving the railings where they were—protecting the village chestnut-tree.

One naturally looked at it with quite a new interest on walking up the village street next Sunday.

The chestnut-tree is on the top of a slope, and the railings are far from straight.

"In fact," said Charles, "you can see that the spikes on one side are driving right into the tree trunk and damaging it considerably."

No one has as yet told the Battlegates this. E. M. D.



"What sort of iemmy?"

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

At the Play

"THE TRAGEDY OF NAN" (MERCURY) "LANDSLIDE" (WESTMINSTER)

It is axiomatic in the theatre—but axioms ought occasionally to be restated—that our concern with a character is in direct proportion to our belief in his or her existence and behaviour. This applies to Charley's Aunt as well as to Othello, to Hedda Gabler equally with Millamant. There are, of course, literal-minded persons who would hold that even those four widely-chosen characters do not "succeed"—that an Oxford undergraduate cannot possibly disguise himself as an old unvenerable aunt from Brazil, that an intelligent Moor is not to be driven demented by a yarn about a handkerchief, that a Norwegian beauty who chooses to marry an obviously boring professor would not within a year blow her brains out in a fit of disgust, and that no sensible lady, even in Restoration times, would utter elaborate regrets at the prospect of "dwindling into a wife" when offered a peerless match with a gentleman who is her equal in everything but eloquence. Persons who make such objections—and they are periodically made—had better stay away from the theatre and read the philosophies. The point about those four random characters, and of many hundreds of others in the dramatic index, is that they succeed triumphantly in terms of theatre. They succeed because their authors make their existence credible in the first place. Their behaviour does not necessarily follow as a matter of course. It may, as the action progresses, become strained and far-fetched. But, being good playgoers, we lend credulous minds to this strain, remembering that the stage is a stage and not a railway waiting-room or a bus-stop.

The trouble with a famous and yet not wholly accepted character like Mr. MASEFIELD's *Nan* is that belief in her existence is not consolidated at the outset. We cannot quite believe her as she is, and therefore falter in following her when what she does turns into

melodramatic excess. She is a sultry, beautiful girl living by Severn-side over a century ago. Her father has been wrongly accused and hanged for sheep-stealing a short time before the play begins. She is taunted continually with this fact by an inhuman aunt with whom she has to live. Her cousin steals the young farmer, *Dick*, who loves her. Early on in the play *Dick* proposes marriage to *Nan*, and immediately backs out of the proposal when he hears from her aunt about the hanging and that *Nan* has therefore the taint of the "gallows-bird." But

carving-knife (not at all, as Hedda would say, "beautifully"). But if there are to be stabbings, why not stab the malevolent aunt who has worked all her woe? The latter is left at the end picking up the fifty sovereigns which the Government had sent *Nan* in compensation for her father's wrongful execution, while the poor girl rushes off to drown herself in the Severn. It is the picturesque and sometimes genuinely poetical language of the play rather than any genuine tragic force and truth which keeps it going, somewhat precariously, in the theatre. The performance at the Mercury may similarly be said to be picturesque and sometimes genuinely poetical. Miss PAULINE LETTS as *Nan* is an interesting newcomer with the right looks and a remarkably beautiful voice. And of the others Miss MURIEL DAVIDSON is appropriately fiend-like and Mr. JULIAN SOMERS does all that a clever actor can possibly do with a voluptuous oaf.

Our concern in *Land-slide*, a naïve little play about a party of young English folks marooned in a Swiss hotel in 1938, is hardly aroused by anybody. Their characters are not skilfully differentiated, perhaps because these four boys, four girls, and one adolescent are still too young to have much character. There are, of course, love-affairs but remarkably little criss-crossing, each boy choosing more or less directly his own particular girl and leaving the adolescent to do the cooking and cleaning. The piece has neither witty body nor serious substance, and it is hard to see why Mr. JOHN GIELGUD took the trouble to produce it unless it was because he found himself disinterestedly anxious to give a chance to some charming young players. Miss DULCIE GRAY has already proved her emotional worth in one or two plays with better opportunities. But Miss OLGA EDWARDES and Mr. KEITH CAMPBELL, Mr. PETER HAMMOND and Mr. DAVID PEEL (part-author with Miss DOROTHY ALBERTYN) will willingly be seen again in anything which has more wit, plot, development, flesh-and-blood, or even blood-and-thunder to recommend it to our gentle senses. A. D.



YOUTH FLINGS CONTEMPT.

William Pargetter	MR. REGINALD JARMAN
Mrs. Pargetter	MISS MURIEL DAVIDSON
Nan Hardwick	MISS PAULINE LETTS

Dick's ignorance is not credible. Would not all Gloucestershire ring with a hanging which had just taken place publicly in Gloucester itself? And even if it is argued that hangings in those days happened every other week, would not *Nan's* aunt in her diabolical hatred of the girl have made the news of *Nan's* father's execution public property in her own village in less time than it takes to say Jack Ketch?

No, incredibility keeps *The Tragedy of Nan* beneath that of *Tess* or of *Deirdre*. Even in its last act there is an absence of tragic logic in the wild desperation of her behaviour. She apparently poisons her cousin and she certainly stabs her false lover with a

... A Distant Drum

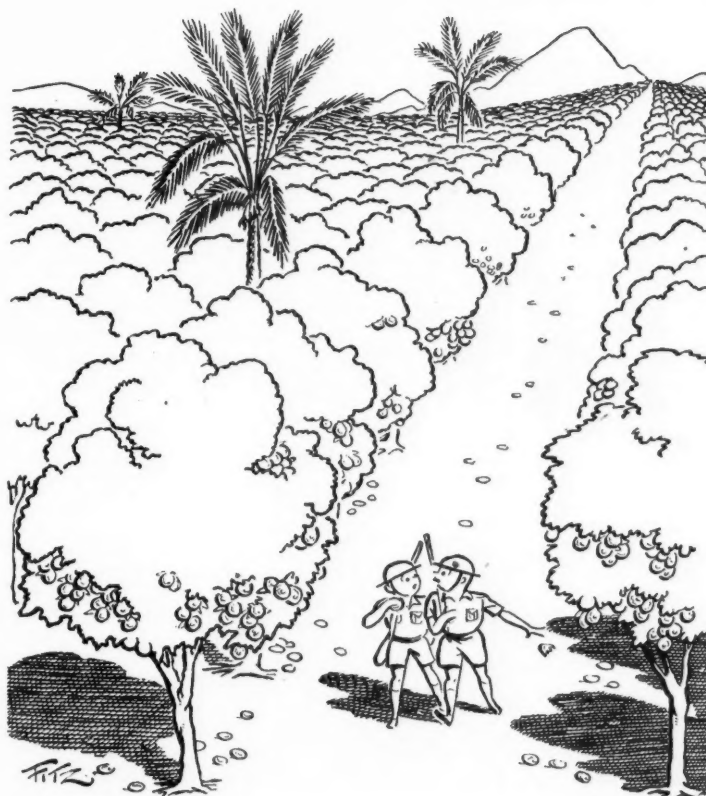
1943. *Extract from letter home.* "This place is unspeakably depressing—sand and rocks everywhere, and nothing growing but a few thorn trees and cacti. George said he heard a leopard last night, but even a leopard would have more sense than to come here. The only game I've detected consists of flies, mosquitoes and scorpions."

1953. *Extract from "With Platt in Abyssinia" (Frame and Hookit, 12/6).* "Next day we made camp at Lokimuk. How can I describe the strange beauty of that desert landscape? An endless bas-relief of sand extended as far as the eye could reach, while here and there a monstrous rock, carved by the wanton hand of the great sculptor Nature into a design more bizarre than any Epstein figure, stretched menacingly into the copper sky. In the middle of that vast loneliness we had our home for three weeks. Sometimes a prowling leopard would materialize out of the darkness of the night to investigate our camp fire; but I would fling a burning faggot at it and it would withdraw, growling, into the velvet black shadows beyond."

1943. *Conversation in Mess.* "I do think it was a dirty trick to shove that great slab Onindo Ojuang on to me. Just because he wasn't any use in the mortars he has to come and wreck a perfectly good rifle platoon. He can't read or write, he's always dirty, and he's got no idea at all of discipline. Lord knows how he ever got a stripe."

1953. *Extract from "Umbrellas Over Gondar" (Tomahawk and Sons, 15/-).* "One of the finest men I ever met, white or black, was a great tall lance-corporal in my platoon called Onindo Ojuang. By the unimaginative standards of the British Army Onindo perhaps fell short in some respects; he was a simple child of Nature, with little time for education. Yet if I had had to choose a man from the entire British Army to accompany me on a difficult and dangerous mission that man would have been my friend—I say proudly, my friend—Onindo Ojuang."

1943. *From the diary of Lieut. Brown-d'Orff.* "5th May. Arrived in Cairo. Couldn't get in at hotel, so stayed at Transit Camp. Room with thirty-five other chaps. Hotels and cinemas and things quite good, but after being blackmailed by shoeblack and robbed by girl in Fatudia's cabaret had no money left and had to spend rest of leave in camp."



"What wouldn't I give for a good old apple!"

1953. *Extract from "Desert Rat" (Dewfall and Rumbelow, 10/6).* "Cairo in war-time was simply terrific. The hotels were crammed with gay young people on pleasure bent, and for us of the Eighth Army nothing was too much trouble. We were never allowed to pay for a drink ourselves, and as for the fair sex—well, Cairo is justly famed for its attractions in that line. No one who, like myself, stepped straight from the grime and strain of the desert into that brilliant whirlwind of gaiety will ever be able to forget it."

1943. *Extract from letter to the Military Secretary's Department.* "I have the honour to submit this my application for transfer to the British Forces in North Africa. My reasons are the following:

(a) Ever since my arrival in the Sudan I have been employed as assistant adjutant in a transit camp.

(b) Previous to that I was employed as R.T.O. at a small station in North Wales.

My age is 53 and I am in medical category B3."

1953. *Extract from the Collected Poems of Alfred Snurge (Rookwell and Co., 3/6):*

"Jab, parry, IN. Butt-stroke. You swine!

His skull was crushed like a coconut at a fair.

No hate in his eyes, only fear, fear of pain,

Fear of me.

There was crimson blood on my bayonet and a crimson mist Before my eyes.

My sergeant played a Tommy-gun like a hose.

Heads open like soft-boiled eggs.

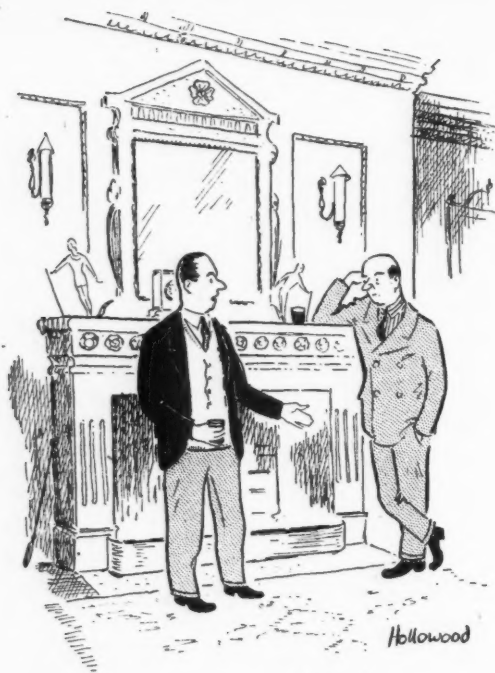
They're here again. Brrrp! Whong! Jump on his tummy!

And the fear in the eyes, the fear of pain,

The fear of me.

Killing is such sweet sorrow.

(Libya, 1942)"



"The way some people talk you'd think we'd won this war already and been fighting four years in the next."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Hölderlin

HÖLDERLIN, who was born in the same year as Beethoven and Wordsworth, remained almost unknown even in Germany throughout the nineteenth century, there being nothing in his work which appealed either to the romanticism of the first half of the century or to the realism of the second half. But as the various ideals which animated nineteenth century Europe began to disintegrate, Hölderlin's sad twilight poetry found an audience which grew so rapidly that shortly after the last war Hölderlin was elevated to a place among the great German poets. The events of the last twenty years have strengthened his appeal, and there should be many English readers who will welcome this selection, which gives both the German text and a literal translation into English on the opposite page (*Poems of Hölderlin*. Translated by MICHAEL HAMBURGER. NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 6/-). Hölderlin was a natural denizen of the waste land which of late years has become unduly congested by poets eager to conform with the prevailing fashion. Even in his youth he was mistrustful and self-absorbed, and his one attempt, in his late twenties, to break out of his isolation ended in disaster. He fell passionately in love with the wife of a Frankfort banker, and his love was returned, but, the banker intervening, Hölderlin withdrew into his solitude. His mind now began to unsettle, and collapsed altogether in his thirty-sixth year. Hölderlin's poetry, intensely sincere and free from any trace of self-dramatization, is a moving expression of his loneliness and growing despair, as in the poem to Hope—

*Where art thou? Little have I lived, yet even now
My evening breathes coldly.*

But, except in the poignantly beautiful lines, "The Middle of Life," he is never sufficiently concentrated to nullify a verdict Goethe once passed on him—"In both these poems there are good ingredients for a poet, which do not, however, in themselves make a poet." Mr. HAMBURGER, in his long and very interesting introduction, naturally does his best to discount this criticism. Without going so far as to call Goethe a windbag, he suggests that Goethe stands in much the same relation to Hölderlin as Victor Hugo to Baudelaire, and he quotes, tentatively and with understandable diffidence, Mr. T. S. Eliot's view that Goethe "dabbled in both philosophy and poetry and made no great success of either."

H. K.

Oh, to be in Ireland!

The story our grandparents most enjoyed was one in which likeable characters found a happy way out of interesting trials in time for the book to go back to the library. This comfortable sort of book has almost disappeared, and we are glad to report a specimen in *The Signpost* (CAFE, 8/6). Superficially, Miss ARNOT ROBERTSON's novel seems not at all the kind of thing we have described, from the dedication to the friends "I am about to lose in Eire" to the murder for love in a late chapter. Her lovers, too, who are illicit and pass their honeymoon waiting for the daily results of the Battle of Britain, have other worries. Yet they are sometimes happy, and we wish them well at last. Certainly their trials have interest. The R.A.F. pilot, on sick leave with a bout of nerves, seeks out an Irish village of which he has the happiest childish memories. There at least should be peace. But peace has its problems no less bitter than war, and the pilot and his French mistress are healthily distracted from their own troubles by the need to contribute to the village economy more than the mixture of sympathy and exasperation that is the usual English attitude towards the Irish. To readers who are not Irish the book can nevertheless be recommended as a thoroughly intelligent, reasonable and often absorbing entertainment. The author shirks no responsibilities, is never slovenly, has a sense of humour and some malice, and provides all the conversations and word-pictures Alice herself could ask.

J. S.

The Quest for Cincinnatus

We take it for granted that democracy must have leaders; but whether they are freely elected as guides to the good things of life or impose themselves by demagogic arts or sheer tyranny, we do not very clearly distinguish. We can possibly, however, ascertain the type of life best for ourselves; the leader most likely to help us secure it; and some means of producing that leader and keeping him incorruptible. Under all these heads, and others appertaining to them, the Earl of PORTSMOUTH (better known as Viscount Lymington) has written the wisest, most patriotic and most stimulating of books. *Alternative to Death* (FABER, 8/6) urges each of us to resume personal responsibility for ourselves, our families and that family of families, the nation; and to set all three right with reference to the soil—the limiting factor of all earthly endeavour. For leadership, Lord PORTSMOUTH would look first to what is left of the good landlords, who should seek—practical methods are outlined—to transfer their acres, where their character permits, to the widest possible ownership. Lord PORTSMOUTH insists that the squirearchy, unlike Big Business, has a traditional responsibility for its employees; but he desires no class limits whatsoever to the emergence of the leaders of the future.

In this he is at one with the Headmaster of Bishop

Wordsworth's School, who believes that industrialism is "a solvent of democracy." Mass democracy, so far, has worked badly; popular education has brought about a notable decay of taste, a shirking of responsibility; a Christian England does not exist. Dr. HAPFOLD's skilful approaches to better things are oblique rather than direct; and it is interesting to note that in seeking to produce the leaders of a better world among secondary schoolboys drawn from rural elementary schools he has created a Public School in fact and in name without robbing poor scholars of their birthright. The most debatable suggestion of *Towards a New Aristocracy* (FABER, 5/-) is its proposed creation of a "directive" élite as well as the "permeating" élite which every good school can supply and does. With the exception of Arnold and Thring, few schoolmasters have succeeded in picking the world's winners; and under State control—which Dr. HAPFOLD vigorously deprecates—Arnolds and Thrings may be fewer than ever. H. P. E.

Vincent Sheean

Between the Thunder and the Sun (MACMILLAN, 15-) contains the personal reminiscences of Mr. VINCENT SHEEAN from 1935 to 1942 and, apart from its general interest, is valuable as a self-portrait of one of the best-known of the American foreign correspondents who laboured in the years before the war to impart some of their own prescience, moral rectitude and advanced political sympathies to the Western democracies. The book opens with an account of the Mozart Festivals which Toscanini conducted at Salzburg until Hitler marched into Austria. A fervent friend of Republican Spain, and opponent of the capitalistic system, Mr. SHEEAN was disgusted by the mob who had come to Salzburg, not for the music but to indulge in "gregarious self-congratulation and pretence . . . the curse of opera in the bourgeois countries of Western Europe and America." Salzburg disposed of, Mr. SHEEAN passes on to the Château de l'Horizon, "a white palace on the water between Cannes and Juan-les-Pins," the home of Miss Maxine Elliott, once the most famous of American beauties. At the Château de l'Horizon, which Mr. SHEEAN visited several times during these years, he met the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill. One evening the talk turned on miners, but though the Duke of Windsor, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill all spoke with animation, Mr. SHEEAN sat in musing silence, feeling that "to all at that table, to all except me, the miner of whom they spoke was alien, for ever alien." However, Mr. Churchill's sense of the Nazi menace was a bond—"Mr. Churchill and I were, alike cursed by powerful premonitions"—and on his last visit to the Château he felt that the immense ideological area which had previously separated him from Mr. Churchill was considerably diminished. Moving to England after the fall of France, Mr. SHEEAN spent some time at Bloms, the country house of his father-in-law, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, but was in London during the period of the great air-raids, living at Claridge's though spending many of his evenings at the Dorchester. In spite, however, of what he calls his "swift and easy accommodation to the form of life produced by privilege," he remained mindful of the suffering masses—"Swift shadows of their misery sometimes pass across the lighted feast; in my blood and brain and heart I am with them." An instructive book. H. K.

England during the first two years of war as if through the eyes of the exiled Viennese man of science—a ghost, as he describes himself, in a world of living men—who tells his own story in *Within the Cup* (FABER, 8/6). *Rudi von Ritterhaus* sees in England the one hope for humanity's future. Not that he likes everything English; far from it. Very often his hosts exasperate him; nearly always they puzzle him. But he still believes in them, and even, a little to his own surprise, he loves them. The main design of the book is the expression of the impact of the war on English society as exemplified in the cross-section—a rather limited and not specially representative one—which Miss BOTTOME has chosen for the purpose. The weakness of all war fiction is that its nearness to the great events concerned prevents the characters being other than figures against an immense background; and this—despite the sympathy and insight Miss BOTTOME brings, as always, to the drawing of her characters—is the case here. The most striking chapters in the book are those which deal with the Plymouth blitz, the description of which is one of the best of its kind the war has so far produced; it would be all the better perhaps without the rather sweeping condemnation of those responsible for the city's civil defence. Wisdom after the event is always a little unsatisfying; and the breakdown of certain arrangements in the face of contingencies for which actual experience provided no precedent were probably duplicated in practically every heavily-bombed city in Britain. One wonders in passing if similar strictures are now being uttered, openly or in secret, after four (not two) years of war, in Hamburg, Munich and Berlin.

C. F. S.



Through an Exile's Eyes

Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME, out of a long first-hand knowledge of Austria and the Austrians, has been able to see

"They've got no whiskey, no gin, no sherry and no beer. What'll you have?"

On the Mend

"I'll take your gym shoes to be mended this morning darling," I said to my son. "It won't take a moment."

I stuffed the shoes into my string bag.

My shopping went well. There is a pleasant lack of responsibility in demanding "Rations, please," from one's grocer, without any further thought.

I had, as was my wont, left the conservatives to wait gloomily in the tomato-queue, and the snobs to the sole. With the dash of the pioneer I had bought a huge frilly gourd and a poisonous black radish of grotesque proportions, and in spite of having forgotten my bit of newspaper had been graciously handed a wonder of the deep, more suited to the aquarium than the frying pan, with pink wings and a horrid leer.

So I was free to think about shoes. I would go to the reputable shop I had known since the pram.

Approaching the formidable matron whose respectable face was so familiar, I laid the shoes on her desk.

"Madam," she said gently, "requires some work done? But we are taking no orders for three months. If madam would care to go on our waiting list?"

I humbly turned and walked away over the thick carpet.

The next shop had a still more old-world character. A few strips of crocodile skin hung in the window and a pair of hunting boots stood gallantly by the door. In the entrance was a small glass case.

I could hardly believe my eyes. Archaic splendour! Edwardian glamour! For there on a bed of white velvet rested three pairs of silver shoes, high-heeled and bedizened, and three of glittering gold.

I might as well have been seeing orchids, ostrich-feather fans, the flash of a tiara, a bunch of bananas. Did we ever wear such fancy dress?

"You are always so kind," I ventured, "I wondered . . ."

"Madam . . ." a pitying shake of the head.

I saw I had gone too far. I hastened to apologize. I would go elsewhere. I would trouble them no further.

But I was becoming brazen. Into shop after shop I plunged. Large shops, small shops, smart shops,

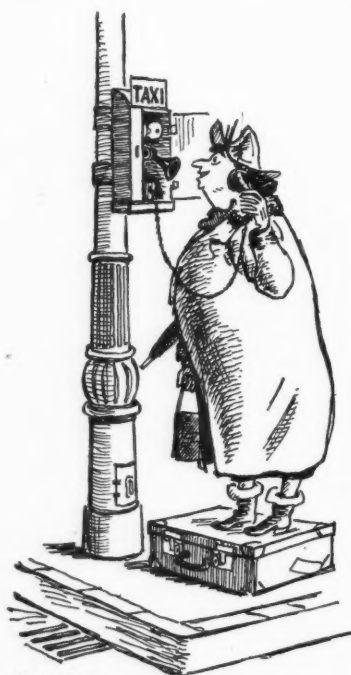
shoddy shops. Shops with one shoe in the window, shops with a thousand. I cajoled, I pleaded, I urged, I threatened, I bribed. Money, it went without saying, was no object. I offered a coupon.

"Madam would sell the shoes? They are in very good condition, the uppers hardly patched. We should be pleased . . ."

I fled, for the assistants were gathering round, the manager had taken his hands from behind his back.

Wandering, a little dashed, down a side street, I came to a small and dingy shop. Bunches of boot-laces hung outside and a strong smell of blacking came through the open door. A very old man sat in the window hammering.

Inside was a narrow bench. A row of patient clients awaited their turn. I joined them. I ran my eye along the line of feet. A queer assortment. Strange, too, where chic now lay.



"... and if you see a taxi-cab, dear, send him along to the rank."

The neat black shoe with the mincing heel had an out-of-date look beside the clog, stiff and clumsy below the thick trouser.

Some curious shoes had appeared lately in the streets. The last line of defence. A ski-ing boot, a bright sandal from Juan-les-Pins, a pair of embroidered moccasins. There was style, queerly, in these relics, even if fashion were dead.

I wondered if in the Napoleonic wars a pretty foot had been thrust into a Cromwellian boot.

I was startled from my reverie, for my turn had come.

No, I had brought no canvas with me. . . . If they could put on anything—a bit of sacking, a sliver of oilcloth, or I would try to bring something to-morrow.

I leaned wearily on the counter. There was a little sigh at my elbow. I could think of no comfort to offer the elegant man-about-town whose patent leather shoes had been pronounced beyond repair.

He picked sadly at the toecap and turned away.

My verdict was better than I could have hoped. In three weeks I might call and see if they were ready.

No matter that I had missed an appointment, that I had fasted since breakfast, that the fish should have long ago been in the fridge and the gourd in the pot. It had been careless to have come without a torch, for it was a singularly starless night.

As I stepped into the blackness I heard a shout behind me.

"You won't go recommending us now we have taken on your job, will you?" it said.

As if I'd be so ungrateful.

o o

When Winter Comes

CARE not, if in icy cold
Now you sit and blow the finger.
Autumn too is growing old
And does not linger.

Look not doleful, look not wan,
Cheer will soon be yours. Remember
They will turn the heating on
In warm November.

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or adixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Energy in a can

It is natural enough that the bulk of Heinz famous foods should now appear in ward-rooms and mess-decks or at dusk beneath the shadow of a tank.

But the home larders still have their share — good rich foods made from the finest ingredients obtainable can still be yours, and with a can or two of Heinz oven-baked Beans or Perfect Soups in the house you can always put up a memorable meal for war-workers of the family. Like this:



HEINZ

HEINZ
VEGETABLE PIE

Put a layer of Heinz oven-baked Beans in a deep pie-dish. Add a large breakfastcupful finely diced mixed raw vegetables (seasoned) and a further layer of beans. Rinse the can with enough water to moisten the ingredients. Cover with potato pastry, brush with reconstituted dried egg and bake for 35-40 minutes in a moderate oven till cooked.

57 Varieties

Soups

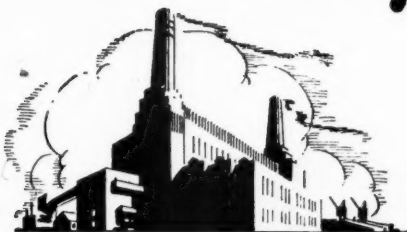
Baked Beans

Salad Cream

Mayonnaise

H. J. HEINZ CO.
LTD. LONDON

POWER for WAR!



Power Stations everywhere are the driving force behind the war factories.

You can save power for the National War Effort and have bright, economical lighting by using

MAZDA

LAMPS

They Stay Bright Longer



The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

3979

Good Form



After four years of war Harrods can still offer a comprehensive range of Men's Clothes in pre-war qualities. These are made in the season's latest styles and maintain all the traditional cut, fit and finish for which Harrods have always been so justly famed.

the man's shop

Harrods

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

For
Extra Smartness
the shoes of
more & more
officers are
being polished
with

NUGGET

MILITARY TAN
(the rich brown stain)
BOOT POLISH



IN BLACK, MILITARY TAN
& DARK BROWN.

USE SPARINGLY - THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED



An officer of
the Royal
Electrical
and Me-
chanical Engineers,
the Corps formed in
1942 for the main-
tenance of Tanks,
Guns, etc.

NJU

Treasure your Swan

If you are fortunate enough to possess a Swan, cherish it carefully. Replacement is not easy these days. Wartime commitments must come first and factory output of pens is regulated by official restriction. With due care and attention your Swan will continue to serve you faithfully long after victory is here.



SWAN PENS are only available from Stationers, Jewellers and the Stationery Departments of Stores.

SWAN INK is still the best for all Pens.



MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD. Head Office: 26 Donnington Square, Newbury, Berks.

Like me...
**STEAD WEFT FORK
TEETH - like work**

Textile Pins—
Pins all shapes
and sizes—Pins
for every trade
are made by
STEAD—Pointed
Wire and Pin
Specialists for
over 40 years.

Tele: Sheffield 22283 (4 lines)

**Think inSTEAD
before you
buy**

J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2

Bread in the bone!

Bones can help to grow wheat for your daily bread. If every home in the country gave one ounce of bone a week for salvage, by the end of the year this would provide sufficient fertiliser to treat 150,000 acres. Bones also provide material for making explosives and glue and feeding stuffs for animals.

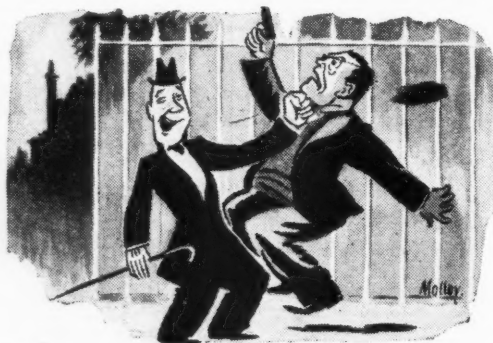
What do I do...?

I remember that all bones, large and small, (except fish bones) are wanted for Salvage.

I clean bones of all meat, fat and gristle, and dry them in an oven—utilising the waste heat after cooking.

I keep the bones in a clean metal container with a perforated lid ready for the salvage collector when he calls; or if there is a bone bin down the street, I put them into that.

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by
the Brewers' Society



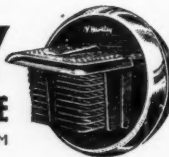
Blackout Fears—No Sir!

The driver whose car is fitted with the **HARTLEY Headlamp Mask** drives with confidence in the blackout. He is assured of the highest degree of safety and avoids all unnecessary risks to himself and pedestrians.

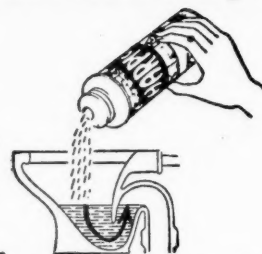
Obtainable from all good garages and motor accessory dealers.

The **HARTLEY**
HEADLAMP DEVICE

V. & N. HARTLEY, GREENFIELD, Nr. OLDHAM



How to clean the lavatory



1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.



2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration—effectively cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan. Easy to use and effective. Sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

HARPIC



SPHINX

*as always—
a quality product*

Save as you shave!

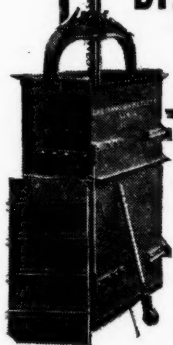
Given reasonable care, the KROPP razor will last a lifetime. There's economy for you! Not only that, but it will give you luxuriously smooth shaves *all* the time. For the Kropp is a hand-made razor, wrought by razor craftsmen from fine-quality Sheffield Steel. It never needs grinding. You'll be proud to own a KROPP.

14/-, including
Purchase Tax.
Of Hairdress-
ers, Cutlers
and Stores.
Postage and
Booklet 160
for 2½d. stamp.

KROPP

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO. LTD.,
LONDON, W.1

ROUTINE SCRAP DISPOSAL MADE EASY



WITH A "GREENBAT" BALING PRESS

The systematic baling of scrap is both a national duty and an economy. Waste paper properly baled commands a better price and is much more easily handled. "Greenbat" Baling Presses are made in all types and sizes, from the small hand baler shown above to large-size presses for metal.

GREENWOOD & BATLEY LTD.
LEEDS • ENGLAND

BP. 13

INSTANT RELIEF

from

ASTHMA
CATARRH
CROUP
BRONCHITIS



Don't wait for further attacks—get Potter's Asthma Cure from your chemist today. It will enable you to enjoy life and pursue your usual occupation. Free from opiates and does not affect the heart. Good for Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, etc.

**POTTER'S
ASTHMA CURE**

Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores.
at 2/3 including Purchase Tax.

USE this
Medicinal & Toilet
Soap every day for
SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

**Cuticura
SOAP**

On every polished floor

use **NON-SLIP**
Furmoto
FLOOR CREAM



**GUARANTEED
100% NON-SLIP**

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as a result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING

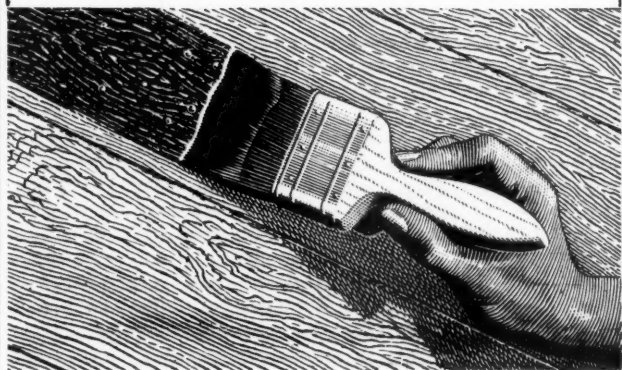
Sold in 2/- tins and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

**Furmoto non-slip
FLOOR CREAM**

In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to:

FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Road, S.W.9

S O L I G N U M



SAVE ALL WOODWORK—THIS EASY WAY

Simply brush on Solignum Wood Preserving Stain with an ordinary paint brush—application by dipping or spray gun is just as effective. There is little need to stress the vital importance of protecting wooden Huts, Sheds, Fences and Garden Woodwork these days, but if you use Solignum you are sure of getting a tried Wood Preservative of over 40 years' standing.

But it must be Solignum!

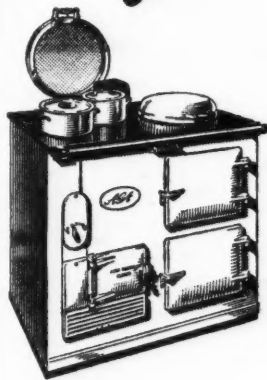
SOLIGNUM

SOLIGNUM LTD.

WOOD PRESERVATIVE

Donington House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London.

*I can't
waste
fuel*



*I've got
an
AGA
cooker*

Regd. Trade Mark



The Aga Cooker is guaranteed not to exceed a stated annual fuel consumption; needs attention only once in 12 hours; is always ready, night and day; preserves the juices and nourishment in food.

AGA HEAT LIMITED
(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.),
Mortimer House, 37-41 Mortimer St., W.1.



A Scottish War Medalist

MORE PERILS FOR HIM TO FACE

The work of this vital service must go on.

In time of War it may be harder for you to give, but remember that the work of these heroic men is much harder and more dangerous.

Send us whatever you can afford.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
LIFE-BOAT HOUSE
Boreham Wood, Herts.

The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer,
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITHE, O.B.E., Secretary.



Here are the most Delicious Sandwiches

Patum Peperium, "The Gentleman's Relish," is now packed in glass jars. Each jar contains the maximum fish content permitted by the Ministry of Food.

You will still enjoy the delicate flavour and delightful piquancy of this delicious table delicacy on toast and in sandwiches.

Osborn's PATUM PEPERIUM

THE GENTLEMAN'S RELISH

Sold in Jars to conform to Government Regulations at 8d. each of all leading Grocers and Stores.

Send 1d. for free booklet to Dept. P

C. OSBORN & CO. LTD., LONDON, N.16
(Established 1828)

Barling
PIPE CRAFT

Manufactured entirely in London, Eng.



Take care of your Barling Pipe. Supplies are extremely limited, consequently difficult to obtain.

When available, prices are as follows:—

Index of Sizes	Standard	S.S.	S.M.	L.	E.L.
cr Sandblast	10/6	12/6	16/6	20/-	25/-
Ye Olde Wood	S.S.	S.M.	L.	E.L.	
clearly Selected Grains	15/6	18/6	21/6	25/-	

Letters S.S., S.M., L., E.L., on each pipe indicate sizes—Small-Small, Small-Medium, Medium, Large and Extra Large.

B. BARLING & SONS, EST. IN LONDON 1812.
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"

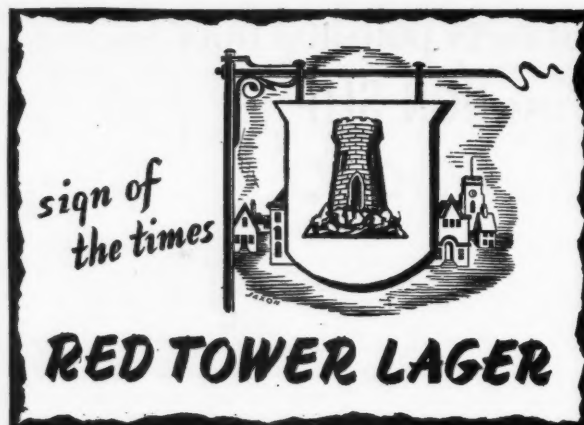
Hard to find but definitely worth waiting for

Vantella

SHIRTS—MADE TO MATCH

'Van Heusen'

COLLARS



A WORD TO DOG OWNERS IN THE FORCES



THANKS FOR THE CHAPPIE, MASTER!

IF you're an old customer, you'll be glad to know we're doing our best to ensure that your dog gets his fair share of Chappie while you're away. Supplies of Chappie are now strictly limited to the pets of former regular users. To would-be customers we can only say, for future reference: Chappie is a scientifically-balanced, all-round

food for dogs. Vets and breeders highly recommend it.

Dogs—the unfortunate ones—won't be too pleased about this enforced rationing. The lucky ones would be doing their "good deed for the day" if sometimes they invited a pal to a "Chappie Party"!

I'VE BEEN INVITED TO A 'CHAPPIE' PARTY!



SAVE BONES FOR SALVAGE

BONES—even those your dog has done with are vital to the war effort. Salvage every scrap and put out for collection.



In air-tight jars 1/-

"CHAPPIE"

DOG FOOD



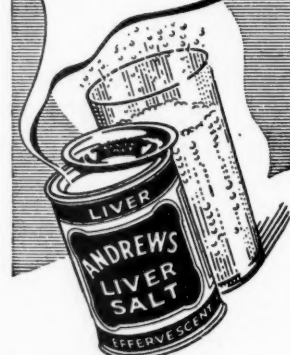
GET THE BEST FROM YOUR

MAW Gas Cooker

TAKE THIS TIP!

CLEANLINESS.—Protect the enamel finish by washing off fruit juices, vinegar, milk or onion with hot soapy water. When dry use a cream polish.

Excuse me—**INNER CLEANLINESS** with **ANDREWS** is the first Health rule



For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your Andrews

Family size tin 2/-, inc. purchase tax (32-12)

Safeguard Your Teeth!



With **KENT** Exclusive **BLENDED BRISTLES**

• AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION. • PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

KENT OF LONDON
Best British Brushes

Pedigree
PRAMS & FOLDERS

All the best babies have them

L.B.LTD. London

VAPEX
INHALANT

will stop that cold

a little goes a long way



The Name

VENUS

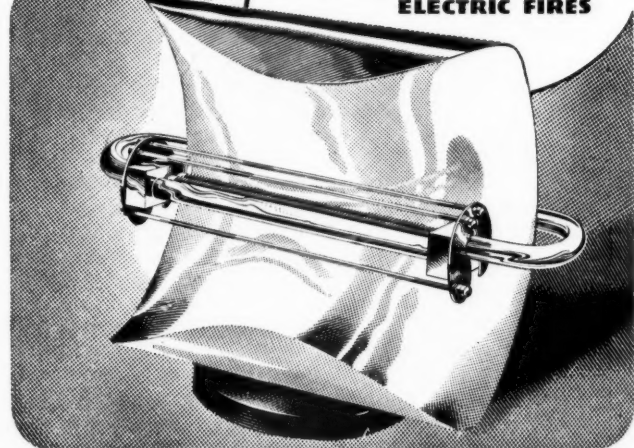
*Still stands for
Quality in Pencils*

In wars of olden days, Venus—goddess of love—became known as Victrix or Victory. Thus did the ancient Romans transform their symbol of perfection—just as we do today. Despite wartime control of supply and manufacture, the new 'Utility' and 'War Drawing' pencils produced by Venus conform to the highest possible standard of quality.

The Venus Pencil Co. Ltd., Lower Clapton Road, London, E.5

Servant of the future

THE MASTER DESIGN IN
ELECTRIC FIRES



Peace will bring you an army of smart and efficient electric servants . . . an entirely new range of H.M.V. Electrical Household Appliances, beautifully designed for one special purpose . . . to relieve you of the tiring, time-taking tasks of housework.

H M V

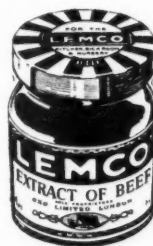
ELECTRICAL ■ HOUSEHOLD ■ APPLIANCES

ELECTRIC IRONS • ELECTRIC WASHERS • RADIANT FIRES
ROOM HEATERS • HOT-PLATES • COOKERS • REFRIGERATORS

"My Mother always said . . ."



That's the secret of
Lemco's popularity
to-day. Mother to
daughter, handing down
this fine beef extract—
the secret of piquant
soups and stews.



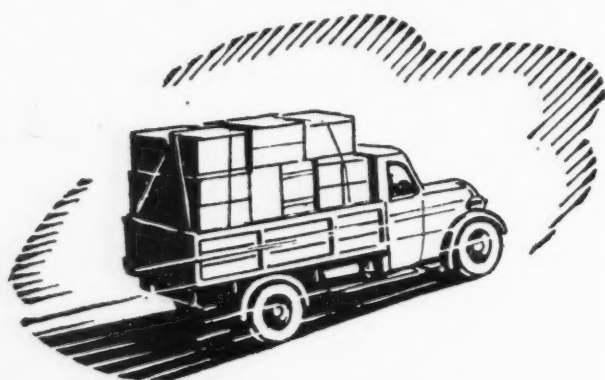
LEMCO

THE ORIGINAL

Concentrated Beef Extract

PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED • LONDON

Lack of Rubber can CRIPPLE TRANSPORT



Treat all tyres with great care.
Salvage all rubber unsparingly.

Remember—

Rubber means men's lives!

DUNLOP



Regularly—Check tyre pressures: pick out flints.

Periodically—Interchange Wheels; check alignment.

Always—Avoid unnecessary speeding.



Accessory after the fact

WHEN Balzac designed his house, with artistic eccentricity he made no provision for the staircase. It had to be built on outside.

Simmonds AEROCESSORIES are not accessories after the fact. Whether they lengthen the life of a power unit, as in the case of Fram Oil and Engine Cleaner, or whether, like the Simmonds Nut or the Spire Nut, they save time, materials and labour, they are designed to be an integral part of the whole.

Designed after a specialised diagnosis of a given problem, Simmonds products anticipate the needs of the planner. They are AEROCESSORIES before the fact.

SIMMONDS

In high service to

AERONAUTICAL, INDUSTRIAL & MARINE
Construction

THE SIMMONDS NUT · PINNACLE NUT · SPIRE NUT
SIMMONDS INSTRUMENTS, CONTROLS AND
ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS
FRAM OIL & ENGINE CLEANER

SIMMONDS AEROCESSORIES LTD.
GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON

A COMPANY OF THE SIMMONDS GROUP

P.22 LONDON MELBOURNE MONTREAL PARIS NEW YORK